Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

SEPTEMBER

10¢

PEGGY YOUNG
Lovely Star of
PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
(Played by Betty Wragge)

A Complete Radio Novel – **ORPHANS OF DIVORCE**

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY – See Your Favorites in Full Page Photographs

1 Clare Potter is a great American designer. And she looks the part. Note her distinctive pill-box hair-do, sloping shirt-waist. She excels in designs that suit the needs of American living—sportswear, street suits, simple dinner clothes. For inspiration, she turns to fabrics . . . has prints and colors made to order.

2 Unlike most designers, Clare Potter works on a living model . . . cuts her original pattern out of the fabric itself. At right, she rests . . . smokes a Camel . . . critically eyes pyjamas-to-be, as an assistant pins and measures. Says Clare Potter: "I like Camels best. They're *milder*—they contain less nicotine in the smoke, you know!"

Clare Potter

AMERICAN DESIGNER—

"Camels give me what I want in a cigarette . . . real smoking mildness plus fine taste"

3 *"Persian Bouquet"*—striking dinner-at-home pyjamas of printed sharkskin, a Clare Potter original. Here the finished design is being modeled for her approval while she enjoys another Camel. "I never tire of smoking Camels," she says. "They're the finest-tasting cigarette I could ever want."

Clare Potter is outstanding among designers who are making America the center of fashion. A hard worker, she spends week-days at the shop . . . week-ends at her farm. "My friends prefer Camel cigarettes, too," she adds. "So I buy Camels by the carton. More convenient!"

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The smoke of *slower-burning* Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself.*

CAMEL

The cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos

A few of the many other distinguished women who prefer Camel cigarettes:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., *Maryland*
Mrs. Randolph Carter, *Virginia*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. John Hylan Heminway, *New York*
Mrs. Alexander Hixon, *California*
Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati*
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

A Darling Girl...A new Party Dress—
but the Same Old Question of a Date!

No girl should risk underarm odor when Mum so surely guards charm!

NO ART OF DRESS, no natural loveliness, no beauty aid a girl could command can make up for the fault of personal undaintiness—for the offense of underarm odor.

A girl may have an enchanting skin and lovely lips—clothes in the peak of fashion. But one offense against personal daintiness, one moment of unguarded charm and even the most eager admirer receives an impression that a girl may never change.

Too many girls trust a bath alone to keep free from offending. But no bath, *however fresh it leaves you,* can guarantee you lasting charm. A bath corrects the faults of past perspiration—it cannot prevent the *risk of underarm odor to come.* Unless you give underarms special care you can be guilty of offending and *never know it.*

That's why so many popular girls use Mum daily. A quick dab under each arm and your charm is safe—safe for business, safe for dates, safe all day or all evening long. Play safe—guard your precious charm with quick, safe, dependable Mum.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Housewives, business girls, movie stars and nurses know that their husbands, their jobs, their friends are too important to offend. They prefer Mum for:

SPEED—When you're in a hurry, Mum takes only 30 seconds to smooth on.

SAFETY—Mum won't irritate skin. And the American Institute of Laundering assures you Mum won't injure even fine fabrics.

DEPENDABILITY—Daintiness is lasting with Mum on guard. Without attempting to check perspiration, Mum protects against underarm odor for hours to come. Start now to guard your charm—get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today.

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for Sanitary Napkins—that's why so many women use Mum. Always use Mum this important way, too.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER...SAFER...SURER...THAN MUM!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SEPTEMBER, 1941 VOL. 16, No. 5

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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ON THE COVER—Betty Wragge, star of Pepper Young's Family, heard on NBC

Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

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What do You want to Say?

IT'S BEEN A REAL TREAT

I THINK our radio entertainment gets better every day. Some of the "goodies" offered us within the past few weeks are—

Orson Welles, substituting for John Barrymore, joining forces with Rudy Vallee and giving himself and his "wonder boy" reputation as sly a razzing as ever surprised a listener.

Little Jackie Benny's humiliating experience at the hands of the brilliant Quiz Kids. Comedy at it's best. —Miss B. Clements, San Francisco.

ORCHIDS TO THE NEW COMMERCIALS

My hat is off to the snappy, one-minute ads that are becoming so popular on the air. At last advertisers have found a way to get listener attention, hold it to the end of the advertising message, and entertain the man at the dial at the same time. Most important of all, these brief commercials indelibly impress the name of the product on the listener's mind.—Alma Deane Fuller, Manhattan, Kansas.

KITTY KEENE'S HUSBAND MUST REFORM!

I have long been an eager listener to the Kitty Keene program. In all her adventures on sea and land, her husband, Allen, or Charles, (as he renamed himself) helped Kitty, and fully merited her desperate efforts to save him from the electric chair and discover the true murderer.

Consequently, I have wanted to protest to the author of this serial. Why, why must Charles Williams have evolved into such a consummate heel? Just now he appears to be a sponger, cheat and liar, and I don't like those qualities in a man who seemed to be, for so many years, just the opposite. Please put him in a wreck or some other catastrophe that will knock some sense into him. —Mrs. Margaret Moody, Denver Colorado.

NOTICE

Because of space requirements, RADIO MIRROR announces the discontinuance of its What Do You Want To Say? contest department. The editors want to thank readers for their contributions. They invite further letters of criticism and comment from you, to be submitted to this magazine on the understanding that they are to receive no payment for their publication, but are offered merely for their general interest to the radio public.

New Loveliness can be yours— Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Frank Morell, Jr., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., says, "I'm really thankful that I went on a 'Mild-Soap' Diet. All my friends tell me how lovely my skin looks—and I'm sure it's largely due to Camay and the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Try this exciting beauty idea—praised by lovely brides—based on the advice of skin specialists!

SO MANY WOMEN dim the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. Others use a beauty soap not as mild as it should be. "My constant beauty care is Camay and the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says Mrs. Morell, a bride whose lovely complexion makes her an expert.

Leading skin specialists we've consulted advise a regular cleansing routine —daily cleansing with a *fine, mild soap.* And Camay is not only mild—but milder! Yes, milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day—twice a day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. Don't miss a single day. It's the regular cleansing that will help you in a few short weeks to see a more appealing skin.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay. Follow this routine faithfully.

What's New from Coast to Coast

Jack Benny's found the ideal way to spend a vacation—making a movie of "Charley's Aunt" in which he enacts scenes like this one with Ann Baxter and Arleen Whelan.

20th Century-Fox

By DAN SENSENEY

ACTRESS HELEN CLAIRE was married in May to Dr. Milton Smith, head of Columbia University's drama department. They kept the wedding a secret until June, and then surprised their friends with it because that was the next best thing to a June wedding.

* * *

Ilka Chase, star of CBS' Penthouse Party show, has signed up to be a New York air raid warden.

* * *

All you Jessica Dragonette fans will soon be able to welcome your favorite back on a weekly show. She starts as regular singing star of the CBS Saturday Night Serenade the middle of August.

* * *

Betty Olson—the Betty of NBC's singing group, The Escorts and Betty—has announced her engagement to Don Hemstreet of Chicago. They haven't set a date yet, but they're looking for a house.

* * *

Martha Stevenson Kemp, who was widowed when Hal Kemp died in an automobile accident last year, is now Mrs. Victor Mature. The bridegroom is the movie actor who appeared in one or two pictures before going to Broadway and a greater success in Gertrude Lawrence's play, "Lady in the Dark." The couple will live in Hollywood, where Mature has gone to take up his screen career again.

* * *

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—One of the happiest voices heard on station WELI, New Haven, belongs to Ruth Howard, talented and beautiful daughter of Tom Howard, the comedian who used to broadcast with George Shelton. As Your Radio Hostess, Ruth is on WELI Mondays through Fridays at 12 noon, presenting a half-hour program of information about all the things that interest her.

Comedian Tom Howard's daughter Ruth is a radio star herself, on station WELI in New Haven.

Ruth got valuable training from her father by appearing with him on many of his personal appearance engagements, in his Paramount and Educational motion pictures, and on his different network programs. But she wasn't satisfied to shine in reflected glory, and besides, she wanted to write; so after the usual disappointments and rejection slips she became a contributor to various women's magazines. Early in 1937 she started writing radio material, and went on the air in Utica, New York, over station WIBX. From Utica she went to Syracuse, then to Albany, then Boston, and now she's in New Haven.

Ruth admits that she entered radio because she loves to talk. "I can't resist glimpsing and then telling about new fashions and famous people and our next door neighbors who lend us sugar and courage," she says. "And about the neighbors who tell us when to get a fresh haircut and who the new blonde is who was waiting for the bus the menfolk took to town yesterday morning. (*Continued on page* 6)

"There she goes . . .

AND

GOOD RIDDANCE!"

"BEFORE trying to get *her* into the club, you'd think Agatha would have told her . . ."

"A delicate subject, my dear—and any woman her age who *has to be told* deserves what she gets."

So it was "thumbs down" on the newcomer trying to make a place for herself and her family in the community that was to be their home. She had yet to learn the importance of first meetings, when the sizing up can be so critical . . . had failed to realize that one can't be too careful in guarding against halitosis (unpleasant breath).

One little "slip" that you may never live down, is that of offending with unpleasant breath. And the insidious thing about this condition is that you yourself may not realize when *you* have it.

Why not take the delightful breath-sweetening precaution that so many use—Listerine Antiseptic!

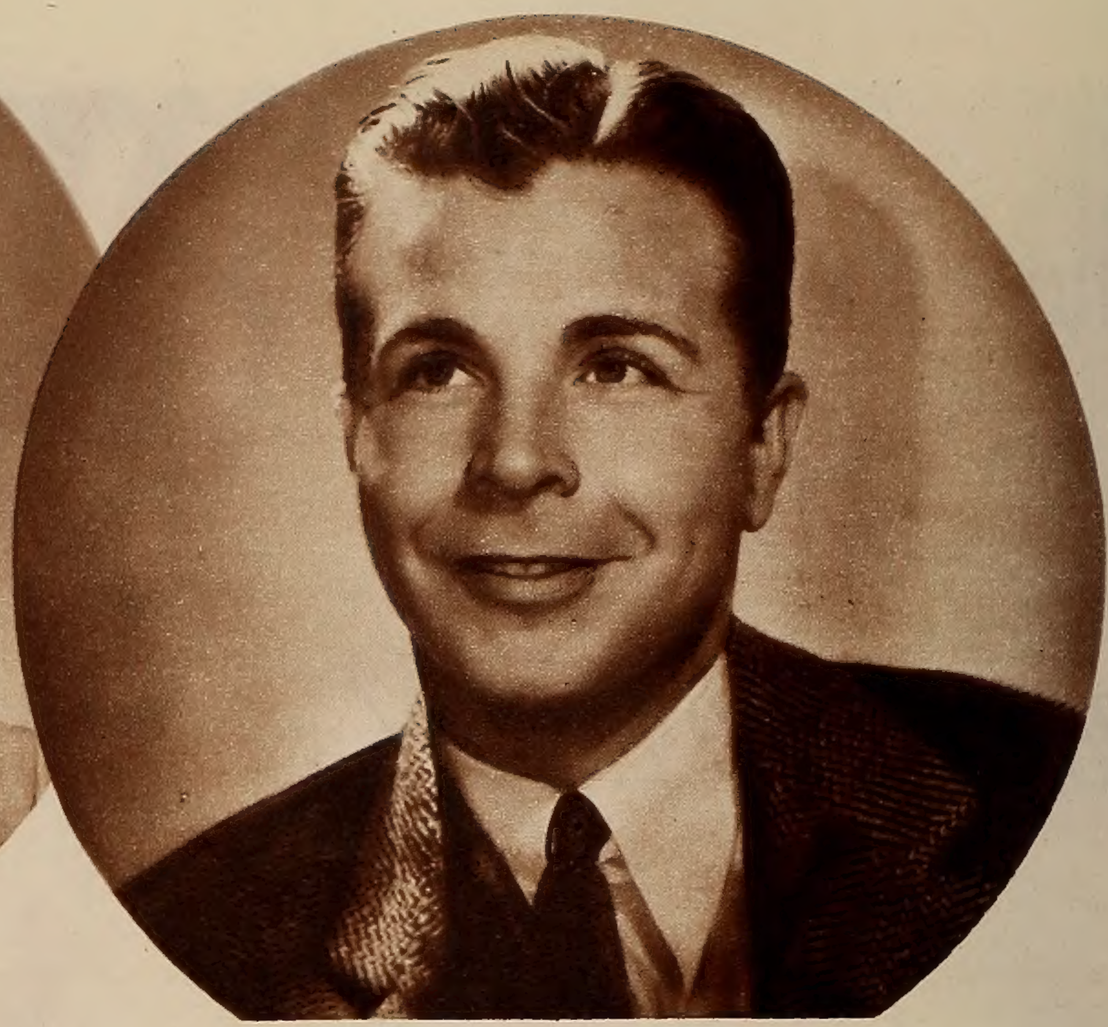
Some cases of bad breath are due to systemic conditions. But most, declare some leading authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that cling to tooth, gum and mouth surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Remember, when you want to put your best foot forward, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It may pay you rich dividends in friendship and popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before all engagements use Listerine to combat Halitosis (unpleasant breath)



Remember Hollywood Hotel? Its unbeatable singing team, Frances Langford and Dick Powell, are together again in the CBS Friday show, Southern Cruise.

(*Continued from page* 4)

Don Dunphy, who came from obscurity to announce the Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight on Mutual, literally became a star overnight. Listeners were almost unanimous in their praise of the exciting and graphic way he described that thrilling battle. Until he successfully passed the competitive audition Mutual and the sponsor held before selecting a man to announce the fight, Don was a staff announcer at a local New York station, completely unknown as far as the networks were concerned.

* * *

Every performer in radio, in New York as well as in Hollywood, was saddened by the death of Mary "Bubbles" Kelley. Almost as wide as she was tall, Bubbles was one of the jolliest of radio comedians. Although she never reached stardom herself, she worked at one time or another on most of the big network fun-shows, and it would have been hard to visit any broadcast without finding several of her friends in the studio, she had so many. Before her death, which occurred in her sleep after a long illness, she had played important roles in the Blondie, Al Pearce, and Burns and Allen programs.

* * *

One of those moments that cut ten years off your life came to the entire cast of the Kate Hopkins serial the other day. Just as the program was about to go on the air a large screen in the CBS studio fell over and struck Margaret Macdonald, who plays the leading role of Kate, on the head. She was stunned, and the director had visions of finding a substitute leading lady in less than half a minute—but she recovered just in time to read her lines.

* * *

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—Station KDYL's boss, as far as things dramatic go, is Jay DuWayne. He's the director of the KDYL Players and presents them in the Candlelight Series—plays which he himself writes and produces, and in which he plays the principal character parts.

But Jay came to radio the hard way, via the great depression. He was born in Salt Lake City, but moved with his family to Nephi, Utah, just before he reached high school age. Since as far back as he could remember he'd wanted to be an actor, but there didn't seem to be much chance to achieve that ambition in the Rocky Mountain region, where there were few large cities and no resident stock companies where a young actor could get training and earn a living.

In the early 1930's, during the depression, while Jay was in his Junior year of high school, he got an idea. He'd form a theatrical company of his own and take it on tour. Jay had missed a couple of years of school because of illness, and consequently was older than other members of his class. This made things easier because it gave him the necessary authority. He surrounded himself with a cast—two other boys and two girls, picked out some play scripts, acquired a second-hand sedan and a luggage trailer, and started out.

The venture was a real success. The company played in what are known as Ward houses, recreational centers that are maintained by the Mormon Church. They made their own scenery or collected it as they went along. Jay kept the cast down to five people, rewriting plays when necessary to fit that number. It was this re-writing experience that brought him to KDYL five years ago when the DuWayne Traveling Players finally broke up.

Jay DuWayne came from touring with his own company to directing plays for Salt Lake's KDYL.

The second year Jay was out with his company he married his high school sweetheart, and while Mrs. DuWayne isn't an actress she shares her husband's enthusiasm and love for the theater. For three years she designed and made many of the costumes. Their little daughter Marjean, now ten years old, has hopes of following in her father's footsteps, and three years ago brought her parents their greatest thrill by making her stage debut acting with Jay in the same theater where the DuWayne Players first appeared.

Jay says the most satisfactory part of acting over KDYL is knowing that each performance is heard by all the friends to whom he played in the many rural communities of the Rocky Mountain country.

* * *

Remember Ralph Dumke, one of the Sisters of the Skillet? He's now playing the part of Andy Nunan in the Myrt and Marge serial. He reports, proudly, that he's been dieting for a year and has managed to slim down from 250 pounds to 249.

* * *

Another Myrt and Marge note: Chester Stratton is playing Bob Keith on that show. He got the part on a hurry-up audition when another actor, previously hired, failed to show up for the rebroadcast. The director needed someone who could sing, and that's always been one of Chester's ambitions, kept in the background by his acting career. So now everyone is happy—except the actor who forgot to return for the rebroadcast.

* * *

Raymond Gram Swing didn't expect to miss a single one of his sponsored Mutual network broadcasts on the flying trip to England he took in July—but just in case something happened he prepared one recorded pro-

gram for use in a pinch. With world conditions the way they are, he couldn't even be certain of reaching England safely, much less being able to broadcast from there.

* * *

Manhattan sideshow: Charles Laughton, in New York for a vacation and an appearance on CBS' Wednesday-night Millions for Defense program, standing on a street corner feeding pigeons with corn from his pockets. The birds must have been real Laughton fans—they were perching on his outstretched hands to take the corn.

* * *

Marjorie Hannan, the young star you hear as Ruth Ann Graham in NBC's serial, Bachelor's Children, has a new kind of memory book—a charm bracelet with a tiny gold figure to commemorate every happy event in her life. Her husband started it when they were engaged by giving her the foundation chain and one charm—a tiny pair of handcuffs to remind her she was no longer free. Other gadgets that have been added since are a small microphone to keep Marjorie in mind of her profession; a clock with its hands set at 8:30, the hour she has to be in the studio for rehearsal; a cowboy on a bucking bronco, souvenir of a happy vacation in the west; a clipper plane, reminiscent of a flight to Havana; a flatiron in honor of her iron wedding anniversary; and, of course, a tiny wedding ring. No little replica of a bassinet—yet.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C. — Although Jack Knell, station WBT's new news editor only recently came to Carolina, his fame as an air reporter is nationwide. He has covered some of the most important special events in the country for CBS, one of which brought him the highest honor in the news-gathering profession. He won the 1939 National Headliners Club award for turning in the year's finest radio reporting job.

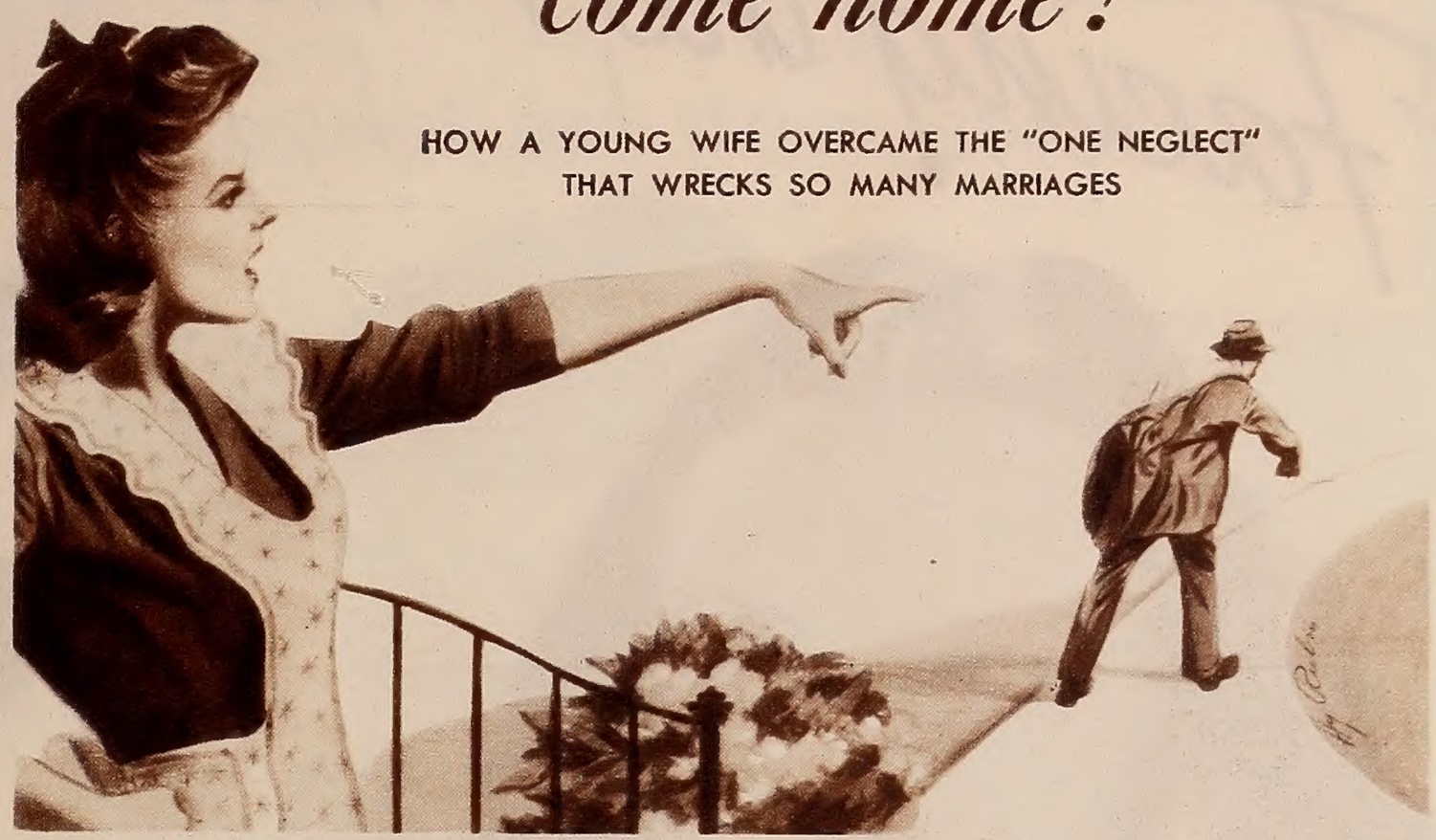
Jack was on the special events staff of WEEI in Boston when news reached the station that the U. S. submarine, Squalus, had gone down off Portsmouth, N. H. Jack and his portable broadcasting equipment rushed to the scene, and for seventeen hours, without food, Jack clung to the gunwale of a twenty-foot open boat with one

(*Continued on page* 79)

Because he couldn't stand the hustle of city life, Jack Knell is news editor of station WBT.

"I don't care if you never *come home!"*

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. I thought my husband was all to blame. He'd been leaving me home alone night after night. Our once-blissful marriage seemed headed for the rocks. I was almost frantic.

2. In despair, I went to see my sister-in-law—Sarah's been so happily married for years. When I told her about our troubles, she said: "*You* may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband's love grows cold just because a wife is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It's one neglect few husbands can forgive."

3. "My own marriage was once in danger," Sarah said, "until my doctor set me right. He advised 'Lysol' for intimate personal care. He told me it does more than cleanse and deodorize. Being an efficient germicide, 'Lysol' kills millions of germs instantly on contact, and without discomfort to you."

4. I understand now why so many thousands of modern women rely on "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. It's gentle—yet so effective. And costs so little to use. I'll never risk losing my husband again. Yes, he comes home now—and brings me flowers!

Check this with your Doctor

"Lysol" is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—"Lysol" solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. LASTING—"Lysol" keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1941 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For FREE booklet (in plain envelope) about Feminine Hygiene and other "Lysol" uses, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. RTM-941, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Facing the Music

So far, Vaughn Monroe is 1941's only new band sensation. He started by playing the trumpet, but a chance to sing sent him along the road to fame. Left, pretty Marilyn Duke, tallest girl in the business, is Vaughn's vocalist.

By KEN ALDEN

CHARLIE BARNET is still the madcap of music. After he announced that he and his fourth wife, Harriet Clark, had been reconciled, word came that Harriet had signed a contract to sing with Sonny Dunham's band instead of her husband's aggregation. When Charlie thought his girl vocalist troubles were over with the acquisition of Mildred Wayne, this Chicago canary refused to leave the Windy City because "she was scared to come to New York."

To insure himself against further singing headaches, the tall saxophonist hired The Quintones, a rhythmic group that may give the Merry Macs competition.

* * *

"Hollywood is the last place in the world to go," say new songwriters Bob Schaefer and Irving Rose, "if you're trying to get a break writing music for movies." These two lads tried it, and after five fruitless years returned to New York. Back in Gotham they penned a tune called "Tattle Tale" and it is touted to be one of the summer season's hits. On the strength of it a music firm that publishes most of the songs in Bing Crosby's pictures signed the team to a long-term pact.

* * *

Still another songwriting newcomer is Bob Kroup, an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania. He wrote "Daddy," Sammy Kaye's newest recording smash. It is expected to have a sale in records and sheet music totalling 250,000.

* * *

There's a good chance next season of hearing Ted Straeter's fine band on the air. Ted is also choirmaster on the Kate Smith show. His orchestra was not aired last year because he played in a swank night spot that was allergic to network wires because it might attract "the wrong people." Ted is now seeking a more democratic spot, preferably a large hotel.

* * *

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Floyd Sullivan is Johnny Long's new drummer, replacing Jules Mendelsohn. . . . Charlie Spivak's new theme is "Moon Dreams," written by arranger Sonny Burke. . . . Glenn Miller returns to New York in August. . . . Tony Pastor's singer, Dorsey Anderson, has left to join the Army. . . . Is Tony Martin soon to be tapped by Uncle Sam?. . . . Gray Gordon married lovely Noel Carter between band engagements. . . . Tommy Dorsey is due to have his tonsils removed. . . . Lou Breese returns to Chicago's Chez Paree this month. . . . Erskine Hawkins, hot Harlem trumpeter, is trying out for serious dramatic parts on the air. . . . You may soon be hearing Ted Steele's new 16-piece danceband on records.

Charlie Spivak spotted the Debs, vocal trio, in a Baltimore hotel. Now they're singing with his band.

* * *

The only bass players now leading orchestras in this country are Sergei Koussevitsky, world famed conductor of the Boston Symphony, and John Kirby, dusky swingster. They tell this story of how Kirby decided to play the big bass fiddle. Years ago, before Kirby had received recognition, someone swiped his precious trombone. He couldn't afford future thefts. "The devil with this." he resolved, "I'll play something they can't steal—a bull fiddle!"

* * *

Sister Tharpe, noted Holy Roller evangelist singer, has quit her church activities to become Lucky Millinder's vocalist. You can hear her from Harlem's Savoy Ballroom, via NBC.

* * *

When Glenn Miller played Hollywood's Palladium ballroom this Spring, he had some cinema celebrities as unexpected members of the band. Mickey Rooney, John Payne, and Jackie Cooper would often sit in with the Miller men. For their volunteer work, Glenn presented each one with a set of drum sticks.

* * *

They say the reason Carl Hoff gave up the lucrative post of Al Pearce's musical director was that he was bored. Carl felt he was not playing

the music he liked. Now Carl has a dance band and while it is far from the top brackets at this stage, he tells friends he is having more fun. Tune them in on MBS from Armonk, N. Y.

* * *

The most exciting new band I have heard recently will probably never play a one night stand or an engagement at the N. Y. Paramount. It is the Fort Dix, N. J., army swing unit. It was organized by private Herbie Fields, who used to play with Raymond Scott before he was conscripted. Herbie rounded up a score of former swing stars, now working for $21 a month, and they play every Sunday on MBS' "This is Fort Dix" broadcasts.

THE JUKE BOX GENT

IF Vaughn Monroe hadn't decided one day to put his trumpet in the background and rely more on his responsive vocal chords for a living, 1941 might well go down in music annals as the year that didn't develop a single new dance band sensation.

As a mediocre trumpeter employed by equally mediocre orchestras, the tall, powerful Ohioan was tabbed just another young man with a horn. Then he opened his mouth wide instead of puckering it, and amazing things resulted. Many better known leaders are going to begin wishing this new rival had kept his tunes on his trumpet, because Vaughn is a sure bet to pass them in the swing sweepstakes.

The joyous juke box industry rightfully takes full credit.

"Gosh, if it wasn't for that guy and Jimmy Dorsey," one big record dealer told me, "business would be brutal."

"Every time a new Monroe platter comes out," a well-known director of a radio station recorded program stated, "we wear out three sides in two weeks."

Not until Monroe crashed through, could the recently revived record medium lay claim to a personality fully developed on disks. Although this new star had several network wires, few fans heard these intermittent broadcasts. His following sprouted from listeners in jitterbug ice cream parlors, campus beaneries, and highway coffee pots.

Now the juke box trade is worried for fear that Monroe's good looks and enviable physique might attract the movie scouts.

"There is some talk about movie contracts," says Monroe cautiously, "but we want the band included. I think you better check my manager."

Vaughn's mentor preferred to sidetrack talk of such lucrative possibilities and point out that a string of summer one nighters, heavy recording sessions, and a Fall opening at New York's Hotel Commodore would keep Monroe active.

Despite only a few months' experience, Vaughn handles himself smoothly. His only trouble is what to do with his hands when singing. He now keeps them rigidly at his side. However, his six foot two frame, blond hair and he-mannish voice make the adoring girls forget such minor stage errors.

"He's too good looking," moaned a theater manager. "He makes the girls stay through four shows. I couldn't get them out if I had Gable in the lobby."

Vaughn was born 29 years ago in

(*Continued on page* 72)

Smart girls avoid unsightly complexion flare-ups caused by soap irritation. Thousands use mild, gentle Cashmere Bouquet

AFTER the heartaches that go with soap irritation—a trouble reported by one woman out of two—what a thrill to discover Cashmere Bouquet Soap may be your lucky skin care! So try the mild soap three generations of women have found agreeable to sensitive skin.

Daily refresh and rejuvenate your tired complexion with the Cashmere Bouquet Facial.

First: Cream your face thoroughly with the luxuriously mild lather of Cashmere Bouquet. Work it gently, but well around large-pore areas of nose and chin.

Next: Rinse with warm water; then a dash of cold. Pat your face dry, don't rub. Now, skin is glowingly clean and refreshed.

For bathing too, the exotic lather of Cashmere Bouquet is heavenly. Leaves you scented all over with the fragrance men love.

Buy it today at 3 cakes for 25c.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

Tell Me You

Skeeter knew he was too awkward and funny for anyone to take seriously but that didn't stop him from falling headlong, hopelessly in love with the most beautiful girl in the whole world

A LETTER! The letter.

Skeeter Russell stared at the square of white paper. This was it. One way or the other, this was the end. Either this was what he had been waiting for all his life, or it was the last, longest, biggest laugh of all. Inside this crisp, white envelope was the answer. And he was afraid to open it.

Suddenly, time shrank and Brewster City was big again, practically as big as the whole world to a boy in knee pants. A boy named Skeeter Russell.

There was a classroom and a teacher at the front of it. She was talking. Skeeter was in the next to the last row. He wasn't listening. His eyes were on a girl sitting three rows ahead of him. Her hair was blonde. Like gold, Skeeter was thinking. He was seeing her face, the great, wide, brown eyes, the straight, little nose and the gentle mouth. She was the prettiest girl in Brewster City, in the whole world, he guessed. She had the prettiest name, too. Lynn Cutler.

" . . . 'stern States? Skeeter?" the teacher said.

Skeeter jumped to his feet. He could feel the heat surging up his neck and over his face. He gulped.

"Did you hear the question?" the teacher demanded.

"Er—No, ma'am," Skeeter stammered.

"I thought so," the teacher said. "I thought you were just mooning —like a—like a love sick calf." A boy let out a whoop of laughter and a wave of titters ran over the room. "Quiet!" the teacher ordered. "Sit down, Skeeter. I declare, I don't know what's come over you."

He sat down. The boy behind him poked him in the back and Skeeter looked around. "Love sick calf!" the boy muttered behind his hand and his shoulders shook with silent laughter.

And then, time went by so quietly that Skeeter barely noticed its passing. His gangling body seemed to stretch itself out and, somehow, even his first suit with long pants failed to hide the bony knees and long, skinny legs. The sleeves of his coat never quite covered his wrists and his hands, roughened by the work he did on the farm, just looked knobbier and bigger as he grew older. There was always something loose about the way he moved that suggested he was tied together with string.

He did his best, but no amount of brushing or grease could keep that one tuft of sun bleached hair from falling over his right eye, like a dejected dog ear. His eyebrows were very light blonde and his eyelashes almost invisible, giving his face a sort of unfinished appearance. Once, he tried fixing that with soot mixed with lard, but that only made it worse. The blackened, bushy brows had a menacing and sinister look, that was comically at variance with the rubbery looseness of his wide, generous mouth, and made his thin, sharp nose seem even more pinched and beaklike.

He was acutely aware of his awkwardness and the more he worried about it, the more awkward he was. And the more people laughed. But, as he grew up, he learned other things besides Latin and algebra and geometry. He learned not to show that he minded being laughed at. He learned never to seem serious before others. He learned to let people laugh only at those things which could not hurt him. He learned to keep other things to himself.

The time came to think of college and, because there was very little extra money on the farm, Skeeter worked hard for a scholarship. Luckily, the baseball coach

Adapted from a radio script of a Lincoln Highway broadcast that was heard Saturday at 11:00 A.M., E.D.T., over the NBC-Red network, and starred Elissa Landi and Sterling Holloway, sponsored by Shinola.

Love Me

Skeeter put his hands on her waist—he forgot what he was supposed to be doing. "Lift me up," Lynn said softly.

at Ardmore had seen Skeeter pitch. A word here and a word there and a good record and Skeeter's tuition was taken care of and he found himself with a couple of jobs to provide him with living expenses. But he had to move into town. The farm was too far away and he had no car to take him to his early morning job—waiting on tables in a fraternity dining room.

Somehow, Brewster City seemed smaller, by that time. It seemed empty, too. Lynn Cutler wasn't there. She had gone East to college.

Freshman year, Sophomore year. Skeeter knew many people. He was popular, because he could make people laugh. They loved to laugh, so he helped them. He worked up an act. He put on a show, on the baseball diamond, in the classroom, at parties. And he discovered that being funny was a protection. People never got past their own laughter. They couldn't reach him to hurt him. But he was lonely.

Junior year, Senior year. He was rooming with Pat Hines by that time. Sometimes, Skeeter wondered why Pat had asked him to room with him. After all, the only interest they had in common was baseball. Pat was the team manager, Skeeter had become the star pitcher. But Pat was the most popular man on the campus, because he (*Continued on page* 62)

Orphans of

THE CAB stopped with a jerk, frightening a lean and evil-eyed cat out of the gutter. It disappeared in a flash down an alleyway that was choked with refuse.

Nora Knight sat motionless, looking at the stained front of the old house, squeezed in between equally disreputable buildings on each side. There were lights in some of the tawdrily-curtained windows; others were dark.

"You sure this is the address?" the driver said, and she answered weakly:

"I'm afraid it is."

Standing on the curb while the cab coughed its way back toward Bleecker Street and the brightness of Greenwich Village's shopping center, Nora fought against a sudden, overwhelming desire to turn her back and walk away. It was so hard to be sure she was doing right! Some instinct warned her to take care—that she might be setting her feet upon a path that would lead her inevitably back to—

But that was foolish! Cyril need never know she had been here!

She turned her thoughts away. This was where Alex and Barbara were living, she reminded herself. In all her frantic, unhappy moments since she'd heard that Alex's fortune was swept away, while she had pic-

Juliet was like some enraged jungle animal. In unconscious sympathy, Nora had laid her hand on Cyril's shoulder.

Divorce

Should a woman force herself for the sake of her children to continue a marriage that has become unbearable? Nora had made her choice, but now—

Fictionized from the popular radio serial heard Monday through Friday, at 3 P. M., E.D.T., on the NBC-Blue network, sponsored by the makers of Dr. Lyons' Toothpowder.

tured her daughter and son-in-law giving up their luxury for a small, inexpensive apartment, she had never imagined the squalor that she was seeing now.

The bitterness that Barbara must be tasting was in her mouth too.

Barbara, so lovely, tall, and always exquisitely groomed, living in this dreary, ill-kept tenement, desperate for money that could lessen the terror of poverty for Alex and for their tiny baby Sandy.

Inside the hallway, Nora stopped to look for the name that would direct her to the apartment she was seeking. There it was, a soiled white card with the lettering in pencil. The top floor. Nora began her ascent, up a bare stairway dimly lit by an unshaded bulb burning at the first landing.

It must be her fault somehow, Nora thought. Certainly her daughter had done nothing to deserve this. Had she failed all her children? Dick and Joan as well as Barbara? At the time there had seemed nothing else she could do but cut herself off from them, with what suffering she alone knew.

Or had she failed them on that earlier day when she agreed to give their father the divorce he asked for?

Nora looked up, through the well of the staircase. She could count four more bulbs burning. How did Barbara ever manage five stories with the baby?

Divorce, her thoughts raced on, meant so much more than actual separation from the man you were married to. To her it had meant breaking all the emotional ties which had held her to Cyril Worthington for twenty-five years, years when they had been bound by their early love, their hopes and ambitions for the children, the thousand and one joys and heartaches that, woven together, create the marriage fabric. It meant giving up so much, the courage and enthusiasm with which she and Cyril had created a tiny business and had developed that business until its profits ran into millions, the peace and stability that a loving home had given the children, now to be replaced by doubt and insecurity.

But when none of these ties, when not even all of them together, can hold a marriage secure, should a wife choke down her pride and try to blind herself to the ever widening

Another Famous Air Drama Brought to You as a

breach? Should she, for the sake of her children, fight with all the strength of her heart, to piece the marriage together again?

Can a marriage that has once reached the breaking point ever be made whole once more?

Torment swelled in Nora's heart and mind as they had on that evening more than two years ago. . . .

She had returned from a late afternoon walk to find her husband waiting impatiently for her in the drawing-room of their home in Chicago—a room that Nora had never been able to enter without recalling anew that it was twice the size of the entire apartment in which they had begun their married life twenty-five years earlier. It was the first time in many weeks that Cyril had returned home early from the office, and Nora was absurdly pleased that the new tweed suit she was wearing was both smartly cut and becoming.

But Cyril Worthington paid no attention either to his wife's new suit or to her surprised, "Good evening, Cyril." He faced her with the domineering manner which had increased with his financial power.

I SUPPOSE you know what I want to ask you, Nora," he said. Nora couldn't answer at once. If the fear that twisted at her heart was only imaginary, how terrible it would be to voice it; how terrible to accuse Cyril of something which perhaps had no existence except in her own mind. So she said nothing and Cyril was silent too, a silence which accused Nora of deliberately making a difficult situation more difficult.

"It's about Juliet Defoe," he said harshly at last. "I—I want to marry her, Nora."

Thus the thing that Nora feared and wouldn't let herself put into words came true. It was Juliet that Cyril wanted. Juliet whose brittle gaiety, golden hair and slim alluring body were so different from Nora's own gray-haired poise and serenity. The fact that the difference between Juliet's twenty-nine years and Cyril's fifty-five was even greater, neither Nora nor Cyril mentioned—Cyril because he was trying to hide that knowledge from himself and Nora because it wasn't in her nature to use weapons of petty jealousy and spite.

Nora gave him his divorce, reaching her decision after hours of anxious thought. Her own heartbreak, the pride with which she had worn the name of wife and mother, she put aside. It was the children, their welfare and their happiness that she considered. Her children! Barbara, twenty-two, the first child to bless

her union with Cyril; eighteen-year-old Dick, just emerging from the long-legged sensitivity of adolescence to the importance of being a college man; and Joan—impulsive, warmhearted little Joan who at fifteen was so like Mother Nora had been at that age. Nora had thought only of them—not hysterically, but tenderly, selflessly—and at length she came to realize that she could not condemn them to a home which in the future would hold discord in place of the love and contentment they had known.

But the idea of accepting alimony, as if she were being paid to step aside and make way for her successor, was repugnant to her. She felt, now that Cyril no longer wanted her, that her very integrity would be destroyed if she was under obligation to him in the future, so she refused the large settlement he offered.

From the very first, she knew that there would be many hours of loneliness, living apart from the children while Juliet assumed the role of mother and mistress of the Fifth Avenue mansion, which Cyril had bought when his second wife persuaded him, soon after their marriage, to move from Chicago to New York. But she steeled herself against this loneliness. The children no longer needed her as they had when they were little; wouldn't their future be better served if they stayed with their father, secure in the advantages of his wealth and position, than if they went with her? Besides, she comforted herself, they would visit her frequently—for she, too, moved to New York after the divorce. It would be strange, seeing them in new surroundings, but that would be the only strange thing about it; their devotion would continue as before.

What Mother Nora hadn't understood—what she had never even had occasion to think about—was the fact that children's love for their parents can be such a complicated emotion. She had taken their love for granted—not smugly, but gratefully, exultantly—and with full awareness that their feeling for Cyril was as much a part of their being as their feeling for her.

It wasn't until after the divorce and Cyril's marriage to Juliet that she sensed their bewildered misery at being forced to divide their love between Cyril and herself instead of sharing it with them as they had in the past. But slowly Nora had to face this new fact. Each time she saw her children—now rapidly growing up, Barbara in the meantime married to young Alex Pratt — each time showed her more clearly than the last how they were being pulled between their loyalty to her and their loyalty to their father; each visit showed their increasing resentment at the divorce and most alarming of all, the antagonism which was developing between them and their young stepmother.

At first the tension was indicated only faintly, through casual remarks such as Dick's observation, after he and Nora had discussed some minor problem of his, "Gee, Mom, it's swell to have you to talk things over with."

It was Joan who opened Nora's eyes to the paradox that a family with two mothers really has no mother at all, for it was Joan who burst out rebelliously one day with, "Why should I do what Juliet tells me to? She's not my mother—you are. And everybody knows that a real mother is more important than a stepmother."

So her children did need a real mother after all, Nora reflected bitterly when Joan had gone—a full-time mother to whom they could give all their allegiance. Perhaps she should ask Cyril to reconsider, to let Joan and Dick stay with her for a few years. But as quickly her mind answered her. It might mean their complete estrangement from their father, and that was the one thing Nora had tried to avoid. Could it be avoided, though, if the relationship between Juliet and the children was not improved? She had tried not to think about Cyril's slavish devotion to his new bride, but now she had to acknowledge that she was in his every thought. More, she had to admit that Juliet hated her, Nora, and found an outlet for that hatred in the helpless children. Juliet well knew that the best way to strike at Nora was through her children.

All that long, sleepless night Nora struggled to solve her problem, torn between a desire to keep her babies close to her and her even stronger desire for their security, emotional as well as financial. And at last she forced herself to accept the fact that there was only one solution. She must step out of their lives completely—let herself, in fact, be forced out by Juliet and Cyril. A wave of bitterness had swept over her. Give her children to another woman—to the woman who already

had taken her husband? She couldn't —wouldn't—do that. But in the end she knew she had to. With their mother gone, they would naturally turn to Juliet, and Juliet just as naturally would respond by becoming a real mother to them.

Having made her decision, she carried it through without faltering. There were no hysterical farewells, only a business-like agreement with Juliet and Cyril that she would agree not to see the children again if they in turn would agree to make a real home for them. Then she ceased to be Nora Kelly Worthington, ex-wife of Cyril Worthington —leaving to Cyril the task of explaining her disappearance to the children as he thought best. And in place of Nora Kelly Worthington there emerged Nora Knight, governess to twelve-year-old Penelope Pearson.

A good governess, too, Nora thought. Certainly Gregory Pearson had nothing but praise for the way in which she was bringing up his motherless little daughter. Not that this was ever anything but a pleasant task. Penelope was a delightful child, so like Joan had been at twelve that it was the most natural thing in the world for Mother Nora to give her the loving guidance she could no longer offer Joan, and Penelope returned her affection as whole-heartedly as Joan would have done. It seemed almost as though Fate had tried to make up for parting her from her own home and children by leading her to the Pearson household where she found a ready-made family needing and grateful for the wise, kindly help she brought them.

ONLY two members of Mother Nora's new "family" knew her real identity—Gregory Pearson and his confidential secretary, Michael Windgate. She had felt that it was Mr. Pearson's right to know everything about her since he was placing Penelope's education and development in her hands. She had never regretted sharing this confidence; in fact she had come to be glad that Michael knew her secret, for it was through Michael that she had the first word of her family since she had walked out of their father's house and out of their lives.

Nora counted two more flights. Below her, on the floor she had just passed, a door slammed angrily and a man's voice rasping with irritation sounded through the thin walls. "Leave me alone, will ya? I tell ya, I didn't go nowhere."

Nora shivered. Were Barbara and Alex in such bitter dispute, too, quarreling because there was no better way to relieve the tension that was gripping them both?

Then there was just the last flight of steps, more narrow than the others. Overhead she could see a faint outline through the dark, discolored skylight that served instead of an electric light. She stood listening a moment but there was no sound ahead.

She must have known now for weeks. Ever since Michael had first come to her with the astounding news that he had met her daughter Joan at a party. Until then she had been convinced that she successfully had cut herself away from her family. But in that moment when Michael described Joan so glowingly, Nora knew in her heart that she was not free, that she was being woven back into the pattern of her children's lives.

Michael hadn't been able to understand at first why Mother Nora still refused to see Joan. Then, after she had told him, he admitted only reluctantly that perhaps she was right. And it had been hard, hearing him talk about Joan, about their dates together. For Joan was eighteen now, not a child as Nora knew her, but a young girl ardent and eager for life, and in Michael's

There was only one thing Nora asked of life—to be with her three children, blonde Joan, handsome Dick, and matured, poised Barbara.

adoring eyes Nora could read a whisper of love that he was still innocent of in his conscious mind.

She had remained unshaken then. Joan must not know that Michael could take her to her mother's side. So the deception had continued. But when Michael told her about Barbara—that she had been in Pearson's office looking for a job—Nora could be sure no longer. Barbara was in trouble and her mother was not with her to give whatever comfort there might be in her love and trust and understanding.

YET she had continued to hesitate. Once you had chosen your course and destroyed all means of turning back, you must continue without faltering.

How could she have foreseen Joan's finding her?

Tonight—only a few hours ago! —she had been sitting in the library reading, forcing her mind from the worry of Barbara, when the doorbell rang. It was the night the servants were out on their own affairs, and Nora had gone herself to see who was calling. She opened the door, then would have closed it against the girlish figure revealed in the light from the hallway. But the girl gave her no chance. With a rush, she was in Nora's arms, sobbing.

"Mother!"

Tears were stinging Nora's eyes as she felt the arms that she had dreamed so often were around her neck and Joan's kisses that were on her face.

"Joan," she cried. "Joan—my baby."

For a moment Nora could only cling to her daughter, then she pulled herself free of the strong, young embrace.

"Let me—let me look at you," she whispered brokenly.

Joan's face was just as Nora remembered it—the same fair skin and serene brow; the same generous, laughing mouth and eager eyes. No one had ever had eyes like Joan's, so blue, so unafraid, so filled with questions.

"You—you never wrote or called," Joan said simply.

"I know," Nora said.

It had been easier than she ever thought it would, stroking the bright head half buried on her shoulder, to tell Joan as best she could her reasons for going away. And she had managed to keep her words and voice free of emotion. The heartbreak which lay beneath the surface could only be sensed by Joan. And as Nora talked, her voice grew steadier. When she had finished there were no more tears to run unchecked down her cheeks.

"Why did you come here?" she asked, gently, for the fright that was in her daughter's eyes had not left them.

"I—I thought maybe Michael—" Joan began, then, with a cry, the words tumbled out breathlessly, so fast that Nora caught only fragments of speech.

"Barbara and Alex—she's leaving Alex, mother! Tonight. She said so. She told Father and I was there. She said if Alex wouldn't promise to get a job, any job tonight, she was going to get the baby and come back home."

"But your father," Nora asked.

ORPHANS OF DIVORCE

Cast

Nora Knight.....EFFIE PALMER

Cyril Worthington RICHARD GORDON

Barbara.....GERALDINE KAY

Joan.....PATRICIA PEARDON

Dick.....WARREN BRYAN

Photographic illustrations specially posed by members of the cast.

"Did Barbara ask him for help?"

"That's why she came tonight," Joan said. "She wanted Father to give Alex a job and Father told her Alex had to pull himself together first."

"Your father—said that?" There was horror in Nora's voice. But oh! She might have known Cyril would not keep his promises, would not be a real father to his children.

"And then Barbara said she was going to leave Alex—tonight. We've just got to do something, Mother!"

Then Nora knew.

Memories crowded upon her, memories of Barbara and Alex who loved each other with all the passion and tenderness of two people whose lives were full only through each other. The memory of the day when shyly, proudly they had stood in the silence of a great cathedral and promised to remain forever together. Such love does not die naturally, it can only be stamped out, crushed by needless bitterness, misunderstanding.

So Nora knew that she could no longer live apart from the life she had given up, could no longer deny herself or the children she loved.

She prayed then, with Joan's hand held tightly in hers. Prayed for herself and for the two young people who had started with so much and then, because their wealth had melted away, were left with nothing, not even understanding.

"It will be all right." Nora spoke with firmness. She must hide any doubt. Joan must not see any trace of fear in her mother's eyes.

"I'm going with you," Joan said exultantly. "We're never going to be separated again. Oh, Mother," she sighed ecstatically, "it will be wonderful!"

Wonderful! No one but Nora could know how wonderful it would be. Never again to have Joan give her love to another so-called mother. But not even Joan's own mother could risk her future for Barbara's.

"No, darling," she said softly. "You must go back home."

"No!" The cry of protest, so filled with youthful bitterness, tore at Nora.

"Joan!" Nora spoke sharply. "You didn't know I was here when you came. Our finding each other doesn't change anything—anything at all. I'm going to Barbara now. She needs me. But that has nothing to do with you. You must promise me that you will go home."

Joan stood silent, her lips working wordlessly, her face white from the meaning of her mother's words.

"Will you promise that I can come to see you whenever I want to?"

Against this, against her own wild longing to see her child again, hold her once more in her arms, there was no refusal. But it was agreed, when she promised, that their visits were not to be mentioned by Joan to her father or brother Dick. Not yet was Nora ready to accept that full implication of this unexpected meeting with her daughter.

When she had put Joan into a taxi, Nora took a second one and gave the driver the Jones Street address she had gotten from Joan. During the endless ride down through Washington Square and over past (*Continued on page* 46)

Bitter Sweet

The tender romance of Mary Margaret McBride

For entertaining listening, tune in Mary Margaret McBride, at 3:00, E.D.T., weekday afternoons, over CBS.

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

IT took only a moment for Mary Margaret McBride and Bill Gillis to pass each other on the campus, for their eyes to meet—hers radiantly brown and his smoky blue—but the dizzy sweetness born to them in that moment has haunted their hearts ever since.

They met again that evening, at a party. When Mary Margaret arrived Bill was standing beside the pianola. And, since everyone else was dancing, he was the first person to whom she was introduced.

His arms circled her. They moved slowly with the music.

"I'm glad you came," he told her. "Ever since I saw you today I've been figuring how I could find you again."

It was as if he spoke against his will. It was as if he obeyed some instinct too great to be denied.

Weeks gathered into a month. Again, at another party, they were dancing. In the hallway, in the shadow, his lips rested against her hair. "I love you," he whispered urgently. "I love you very much, Mary Margaret." She wasn't surprised. She had read this in his eyes during the thirty and more days during which, for the most part, he had been studiously casual—while he waited for a decent time to elapse before he declared his true feelings, lest he scare her away, and all that time she prayed he would throw convention and discretion to the winds and say everything he was prepared to say now.

"This is forever," he told her. "You know that, don't you?"

Her heart, shining in her eyes, was his answer.

Things happen that way sometimes . . .

Every day they saw each other. Fifteen minutes between classes was cherished. For in the late afternoon and early evening they were busy, earning money to pay their way. Often enough it was nine o'clock and later when they met for dinner. Mrs. Schmaltz, who owned the delicatessen, used to watch for the shine that came into their faces instantly they were together, no matter how weary they looked as they came in. And, aware they were very poor, she put extra meat in their sandwiches and set a bowl of home-made potato chips before them whenever they ordered coffee only.

"You mustn't!" they would protest feebly.

"It's nothing!" She would stand beside them, hands on hips, beaming. "From a big order they were left over. Tomorrow they'll be stale. Eat them so they shouldn't be thrown away.

Bill, studying engineering, told Mary Margaret about the bridges he wanted to build, bridges beautiful and strong, spiderwebs of stone and steel. "Will you be proud?" he would ask, his eyes deepening until they were the color of autumn in the hills. "Will you say, as you should 'He did it for me!' "

He frightened Mary Margaret when he talked like this. She loved him with all her heart. She wanted to marry him. But she had to go on to New York and be a writer. This had been decided when she was a little girl.

"The Carruthers who live in that big house on the other side of town," she would say to Bill, to change the subject, "were *flabbergasted* when I asked for a list of guests for my column. They couldn't *imagine* how I knew they were having a party."

Sometimes she raised her voice to include Mrs. Schmaltz. Because Mrs. Schmaltz looked so eager and lonely. Besides, with Mrs. Schmaltz included, the conversation was likely to stay (*Continued on page* 45)

Heartbreakers

Sometimes it's not the men girls love, but those other men who dare to intrude on their lives and tell lies about their pasts that are the real heartbreakers!

HE WAS alone at a table in the club where I sang. I knew when I saw him that he was a North American. We could always recognize them, and always we were curious to know why they were in Buenos Aires, what they had come to buy or what to sell. One thing we could almost be sure of: they had not come to stay.

His name, they told me when I asked, was Philip Turrell. He was connected with a machine company.

The people of my country are only just beginning to like the Yankees, but the club where I sang had always tried, without liking them, to give them the songs, the music, the atmosphere of South America that would please them because it all was what they expected. We gave them gaiety and warmth and color, hiding the melancholy that is so deep inside us. And they did like us, usually. They were pleased.

But Philip Turrell did not look as if he were enjoying himself when I went circling among the tables in my bright, shimmering, satiny costume, singing especially to the North Americans. I had gone past his table and his eyes and mine had met. He had blue eyes, the boyish kind of eyes and mouth that men of his country have. Daring, but boyish, so that you aren't angry at their daring, and can only smile. Though if you are not brave enough yet to be flirtatious, you smile only in your heart. I was not very brave. I had only just begun to be a night club girl.

I know what he was thinking. He had been told about our cabarets, the way they once were. His father or his uncle had been here in Buenos before him and they had told him how the cabarets were then. And he was thinking that it was true about this cabaret and true about me, because I was the singer.

It's funny, the way I suddenly wanted to explain to him, to this stranger. Tell him I was not the kind of a girl he thought I was, that I was only a very young girl who had heard so much about democracy and freedom that I wanted some for myself and had been disowned by my family when I'd become a singer.

Perhaps part of my desire was because I knew that North Americans talked with their women. Not just complimented or amused them, but talked real thoughts with them. I wanted to tell him I had been in his country and had come back unable to bear my family's attitude toward girls and had made up my mind to go out and find life and love for myself in my own way, as girls in his country did. I wanted him to laugh and say, "I know how it must be."

A DRAMA OF LIVES BEHIND THE MIKE

There should have been laughter enough already for me, the laughter of carnival time, the wild shouts of men laughing to crowd out of their memories the hours of loneliness they have just spent on the great plains where they ride, solitary horsemen, their own singing, their only company.

I didn't think that I was in love with him, at first sight utterly in love. I had imagined love as a joy, an exultation, a sudden soaring happiness, not a loneliness. And then all at once there he was, beside me, being introduced by the manager of the club.

"I would like to dance with you," he said. From his blond height he looked down at me and seemed to hate me because he could not resist coming this way to me.

We danced to the tango music that was playing. I felt a sort of desperation now to break through the misunderstanding that separated heart from heart and mind from mind. Yet I could not think how to say what I wanted to tell him and all he said, in careful Spanish, was,

"I shouldn't have asked you to dance with me. I can't tango at all."

It was a release from the strain of silence to have him speak. I laughed. "It is nothing, to tango. It is just walking in time with the music. The music tells you what to do."

He smiled then and the smile and the look that was in his eyes, holding me in his arms, made me want to be with him where a whisper could be clearly understood, where we would be our own world, and not a tiny part of this mad hilarity here.

Then he was making my unspoken thought a reality. He was losing us in the confusion of the carnival, to find us again in the cool night outside. But on the streets, it was still carnival, the wild lawlessness of an Argentine holiday that throbbed around us and into our hearts. He fought our way to his car and slowly at first, then faster and faster, we drove through the

We danced to the tango music. I felt a sort of desperation now to break through the misunderstanding that separated heart from heart and mind from mind. But I couldn't think of how to say it.

crowds to the wide boulevards and along toward the lonely plains at the end of the boulevards. And there, at the edge of the endless plains, we could talk.

I COULDN'T stand that place any longer," he said. "I suppose I'm crazy. You were singing there because you wanted to, but I couldn't sit there watching you any longer—or go away without you, either," he added in his deep voice. His hands hadn't touched me, yet I felt drawn closer to him than I had been by the circle of his arm when we had danced together.

I felt impelled to tell him about myself.

"My family sent me away when I became a singer. Nice girls aren't supposed to do anything but wait until someone suitable proposes marriage. I'm living with two aunts who were very poor until I went to live with them and brought my salary to them. They don't like my singing either, but they like the money it earns for me."

His lips answered me. Not with any words, but with a kiss, swift, unrestrained. The haunting sweetness of the embrace clung to us after we had parted. There was nothing to say that the silent beauty of the moment wasn't telling us more eloquently. An edge of the South wind that the trees are afraid of, cut sharply across the car and I shivered.

"You're cold," he said, as though he were to blame. His arm reached to fold my thin shawl more tightly around my shoulders. But he forgot why he had reached out to me and his arm pressed me to him so I could feel the pulse of his heart.

It seemed to loose a flood tide of emotion that had been dammed up within us. Perhaps it was the hour of carnival and the shock of finding each other so unexpectedly. My temples throbbed from his nearness and the tones of his voice seemed to play upon my feelings like a magic bow touching violin strings.

"I love you," he whispered. "I don't know why. I just know I do. The world's been whirling ever since I saw you tonight, whirling faster and faster. But now it has stopped and it is standing still."

He kissed me a second time, and I felt as though we had been wrapped up in the magic silver of the moonlight that was bathing the plains.

Then he said, almost as if he were musing, "If you married me you wouldn't have to go back there and sing anymore."

I might have suspected words so impulsive from one trained to be poised and balanced and shrewd. But there was nothing in this magical hour for me but truth and love and goodness.

He said, as my arms answered the clasp of his arms,

"We can be married at sea."

"At sea?" I said, and surprise was in my voice.

"Yes," he said. "I'm sailing for home tomorrow. That's how close I came to missing you. Or we can be married before we sail."

I shook my head. "No. I would like to be married far out on the ocean."

"If we married, would it be because you love me or because you love adventure?"

There was true anxiety in his words.

"Because I love you," I said and there were no small doubts to look over the edge of my mind, to say to me, "Because it's carnival and you both are mad."

He said, "Kiss me once more and we will drive to your father's house and tell him."

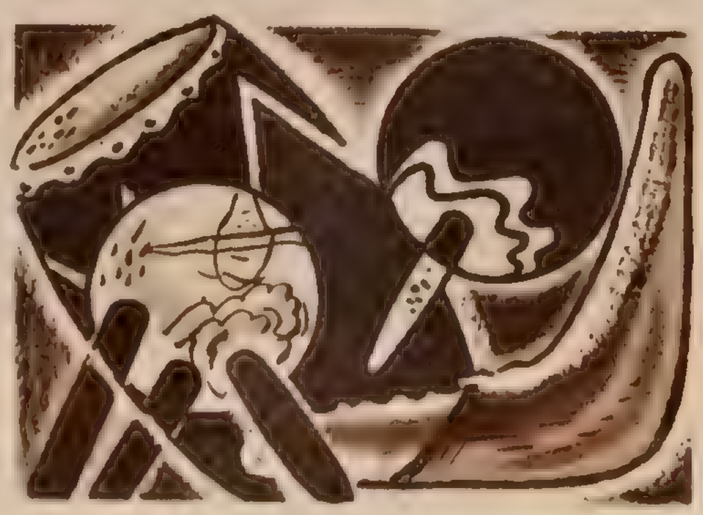
In that moment, the magic of our midnight dissolved and we were two people again in a world of reality.

"No," I said, "not there. They have forbidden me to go there. But when we come back to them some time, married, they will forgive me. But not tonight. Tonight you must take me to my aunts' home. Tomorrow I will leave a note for them and go away with you. That will be better than telling them tonight. I want my wedding day happy."

My aunts' house was so little it seemed almost a plaything. "It's hardly bigger than its own tree," Philip laughed and when we found my aunts were not home, we started pretending that the house was ours and went around from room to room looking it over, like old married people returning after a long absence.

"My aunts must be at Grandfather's," I remarked, looking finally into my room. "They'd be afraid to go anywhere else on a carnival night." I laughed.

He drew me into his arms. I was calm now. It was he who was not, closing his arms around me as if they were gates to shut us away from all the world outside our own two selves. He was saying poetic, beautiful things about me, about his love for me, words that were like flowers strewn about us, like clouds that would hide us. A tenderness that filled my heart to breaking welled up in me because he thought there need be words to lend beauty to our love. My room was beautiful then, though I had always hated it for its smallness and ugly furniture and bare walls.



Never had I known my aunts to be so late and when they drove up in Grandfather's car, I could hear their voices breathless in excitement over their adventure. They stood outside a moment chattering and giggling.

"Philip," I whispered, "you must go. I'd rather have you go without seeing them. There would only be a scene and it's so beautiful now."

He seemed to know what I was trying to say but before he would go he told me over and over where we would meet the next day, describing every step of the way, even setting my watch exactly right with his watch, so that there would not be a second of waiting for him to endure in the morning when we would be together again.

Far earlier the next day than there was any need I was on a bus bound for the hotel where I was going to wait for Philip's call. Philip and I had agreed that I should go to the rooms of Brenda Lamont, an American singer who had a suite there. Then, when everything was ready, he could call and come and get me and no one would know.

Brenda was still sleeping from the carnival night, but when I made her understand she came wide awake.

"Darling, how wonderful!" she exclaimed. She got up and rushed about, dressing to go to the ship with us, all the time talking about the United States. I only half heard what she said, listening a little to her and a great deal for the ringing of the telephone.

It was not time yet for Philip to call. But surely he would know I would be at Brenda's early. Surely he would not wait until the last minute to call. He would be as impatient as I. At first I was not frightened because he did not call. I was only confused. Brenda laughed at me when I started pacing the room. But the clock hands sped on, mocking me. Finally there was only half an hour lacking of sailing time. Then twenty minutes. Five more minutes dragged past, each a century long.

"It's not too late yet," Brenda said. Then, "We will call the steamship office and see what caused the delay."

The stillness of stone in my voice stopped her efforts to hide the truth from me.

"It is useless—"

For a moment I sat, the cold of a glacier freezing me from any feeling at all. Then the memory of last night pulsed through me. All in one continuous motion I was up, slipping on the travel coat I had worn, snatching up my hat and gloves.

"Some kind of harm has happened to him," I cried.

I flew out into the street and into a cab or bus, I cannot remember which. I knew the name of Philip's company and found the office. I remember the office door opening as I ran toward it, hat still in my hand, hair windblown. A manager's name was lettered on the door. Robert Davis. I asked to see him at once.

The attendant looked embarrassed. I felt embarrassment electrify and silence the entire office. They thought me an inamorata of his and wondered what they should do. While I stood, the tension within me gathering into a sharp, painful knot, he came to his door. He stood there, tall, sinewy, dark, with strong features and a forbidding glare. Neither of us spoke. Dislike and distrust flared between us so strongly as to be almost a physical exchange. With an abrupt gesture, he stepped aside and motioned me into his office. The door slammed shut and he swerved to face me, indicating with a contemptuous gesture a chair for me to sit in.

The bitterness of his voice was like a knife cutting through me. "I told him that you throw yourself at any North American," he said.

PHILIP," I cried, "Philip Turrell. He was to sail today, but something must have happened to him."

The man almost smiled, but it was too bitter a twist of lips to be really called a smile.

"Are you Trinita Alvarez?" he sneered.

"Yes," I answered in a sharp gasp. Philip must have told him of me, must have been here in this room this morning, alive and unharmed.

"I thought so," Robert Davis said calmly. "You are very young. You are very beautiful. Yes, it is just as I thought. Last night the young man lost his head. But only for a night. This morning he has sailed according to schedule."

"You are lying," I cried out in fury. "Something has happened to him and you are hiding it from me, saying he has gone."

He said, the dark blood of anger rising in his face,

"I owed it to the firm which employs us both to tell Philip Turrell what a cabaret girl is, here in Buenos, and to tell him in particular about his Trinita—whom he said he was going to marry."

The bitterness of his voice was a knife blade cutting through me sharp and swift.

"I told him you are a little firebrand, disowned by your family, whose only hope of escape from the affairs you are involved in, is a foreign marriage, quickly. I told him that you throw yourself at any North American, paying any price that may be asked, for the hope of marriage and escape, but that always you have been discovered in time. I told him that the whole city knows this and that always someone tells."

"Everything you told him is a lie!"

He shrugged.

"Probably it is not," he said. "It is probably all true. If it is not, yet, it will be in time. You cabaret singers are all alike. It is no marriage for him. It would ruin him here and discredit the company he represents. He is the best young man we have had in years. The company needs him and cannot afford to lose him if I can save him. This time I have saved him!"

He opened the door and stood by it waiting for me to go and admit my defeat. (*Continued on page* 70)

Tune in Pepper Young's Family weekdays at 11:15 A.M., E.D.T., over the NBC-Red network, sponsored by P & G Naphtha

Pepper Young's Family

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Now—in these special photographs see more of your favorite people just as they really are. Meet Peggy, Father and Mother Young, scatterbrained Edie and handsome Carter Trent

PEGGY YOUNG, left, is eighteen years old. She has a smile like sunlight, eyes of warm, living blue, flowing blonde hair. You look at Peggy and you know she loves life. You know she is getting a kick out of being young and in love. Now that Carter Trent has come into her life, even Pepper's exasperating teasing no longer bothers her. She has had lots of boy friends. A girl like Peggy would. But Carter is the first serious love of her life. She met Carter, a young Private, at an Army dance. She wasn't attracted to him at first, but slowly grew to love him. They became engaged. Peggy has the approval of her family, who like Carter, but the big problem is whether Carter's family will approve of her. She's on her way to meet the wealthy Trent family now, and everything in her life hinges on their liking her. Peggy has no pretensions, she is essentially a simple girl, adores her father, wants to be like her mother. Carter will make a perfect husband, if things go well.
(*Played by Betty Wragge*)

CARTER TRENT (above) is the only son of the very socially prominent Mr. and Mrs. Trent of Chicago. Mr. Trent wanted his son to go into business, but Carter joined the Army and was stationed at Camp Elmwood, where he met Peggy and fell in love with her at first sight. Carter's parents are the domineering kind and expect him to marry a girl in his own social set. The trouble ahead with his family will be a really difficult test of Carter's love for Peggy.
(*Played by James Krieger*)

EDIE GRAY (left) is Peggy Young's best friend. She is altogether unpredictable, an incurable romantic, can't keep a secret and is forever in other people's business. Edie is always getting Peggy into trouble. On two occasions, the girls almost lost their lives as a result of one of Edie's great but unworkable ideas. But with all her faults, Edie is loyal to Peggy, loves the Young family, and is a completely sweet, if slightly fantastic, friend and companion.
(*Played by Jean Sothern*)

NBC photos by Jackson & Desfor

MARY YOUNG'S whole life is devoted to her husband and children. Without her the Young family could not survive. She instinctively knows what is right for Sam, Peggy and Pepper. In her home, all of them are equal, all of them are fed by her love and understanding. Mrs. Young seldom thinks of herself. When she unexpectedly inherited $20,000, she insisted that her husband take it for business purposes. When Sam lost his home and business and the Youngs were forced to move to a poorer section of town, Mrs. Young took that calmly and set up a "home bakery" of her own in order to keep the family going. Not only do the members of Mrs. Young's own family seek her help, but the poor and downtrodden gravitate toward her. She once befriended an escaped convict, shielding him against the wrath of the town when he was accused of stealing money from her own husband! Mrs. Young likes Peggy's new boy friend, Carter Trent, and is doing all she can to foster the romance and fix things so that Carter's family will consent to their marriage.

(*Played by Marion Barney*)

SAMUEL YOUNG is a typical American, honest, practical, tolerant. When you first met him, he owned his own home in Elmwood and had a steady job. He resigned this job, mortgaged his home, opened a factory with Curtis Bradley, and successfully ran for Mayor against Pete Nickerson, a crooked politician. Then a flood destroyed the Bradley-Young plant. Curt Bradley was badly hurt, his mind was impaired and he disappeared. Poverty came to the Youngs, until Pete Nickerson, dying, turned his estate over to Sam to handle, rewarding him for this trust with property. Sam started a real estate business with the help of his son, Pepper, and when Curt Bradley returned, well but destitute, Sam magnanimously took him into the new business. They built tourist camps and a hotel on the property, tried to get backing for their business, but deal after deal fell through. Now things look bad for Sam, but his courage and honesty should see him through.

(*Played by Thomas Chalmers*)

Next month see beautiful photographs of Pepper Young, Mr. Bradley, Biff, Linda Benton and Hattie

Young Doctor Malone

Thoughts which are never shared, resentments never expressed—are these the things that break up a marriage? Read this deeply human drama of a doctor's love

I WANT you to do nothing at all for at least two weeks," Dr. Dunham had told her. "Just stay in bed and let yourself be waited on."

He needn't have been so positive in his instructions, Ann thought. There was nothing she wanted to do but stay in bed.

Had she lost only the baby she had been carrying in her body? She felt as if she had lost much more—her ambition, her hope for the future, her soul. People came and went around her—Jerry, as soon as he returned from the Sanitarium in the evenings, the last thing before he left in the morning; Penny with cups of broth, orange juice, junket; Bun in the afternoons, after school—but she existed in a vacuum, behind glass walls. She could speak to them, and they to her, but all the words they used were meaningless. Then, one morning, she had no means of knowing how long after she first became ill, she felt a compulsion to get up. It was toward noon; Dr. Dunham had paid his visit and left the room. She did not know why, but there was a necessity to put aside the covers and swing her feet to the floor and stand, unsteadily; move slowly to the door, open it.

The hallway was empty, but she heard voices coming from the living room. One was Lawrence Dunham's, one Jerry's. She felt no surprise at the discovery that he had not gone to his office at the Sanitarium as usual. He was home, and she had been pulled from her bed, for some reason that concerned them both.

Listening, she heard Jerry say in a stricken voice, "Never?"

Dunham replied, "One doesn't say never in these cases, Malone. You know that. But—well, it won't be safe for a long time."

In the silence, Ann could almost see Jerry's face. He would hate to show emotion; he would fight it back like an enemy. He said, "We mustn't tell her. She wanted a baby so badly."

"I don't think that's wise—"

"It's essential!" Jerry interrupted savagely. "Not until she's well again. I don't mean physically. I mean in her mind—"

Silently, she crept back to bed and pulled the covers up around her chin, very neatly. They could tell her or not, just as they pleased. She knew anyway. She'd known, except for hearing it said in so many words, all along. And it was right, of course. Children shouldn't come to a marriage that had suddenly begun to crumble, like a house insecurely built.

It was ridiculous of Jerry to say her mind wasn't well. It saw things more clearly than ever in all her life—now that other people couldn't get at it. Now that she was enclosed in her glass shell, cool and remote and comfortable.

She was quite able to assess what had happened and fix the blame—not emotionally, but judiciously, calmly. And a little bit of the fault was hers, but most of it was Jerry's. It was Jerry who had struck the first blow at their marriage by accepting a partnership in Dr. Dunham's Sanitarium, against her wishes. Her small fault had been in not insisting more strongly that he refuse the offer. Then Jerry had—yes, *deserted* her, spiritually, just when she needed him most. He had let her feel he was ashamed of her, didn't want her with him on that weekend party on Long Island.

She had thought he would look guilty. Instead, his face only hardened. "What of it?" he said.

Fictionized from the radio serial heard daily at 2 P.M., E.D.T., over CBS (rebroadcast at 3:15 P.M., Pacific Time) and sponsored by Post Toasties. Photos posed by Elizabeth Reller as Ann, Alan Bunce as Dr. Malone, Helene Dumas as Veronica.

She did not avoid thinking of Veronica Farrell, who had gone to the party with Jerry, who was so poised and well groomed and sure of her power over men. That was what had hurt the most—that Jerry hadn't told her Veronica would be there until after she herself had decided not to go.

And later, Jerry had deserted her physically as well as spiritually. She had wanted him home for Christmas; he had promised he would come back from his flying trip to Georgia to operate on J. H. Griffin. Instead, he'd failed her. On Christmas Eve, when she tried to reach him by telephone, he'd been out in a boat with Veronica. It was, inescapably, his fault that in her shock and disappointment she had slipped and fallen and so had lost her baby.

She fell asleep after a minute, and when she woke, much later, Penny said delightedly that she was really getting well now, she'd be able to get up soon. The glass walls were dissolving, and against her will she was losing their sanctuary and being thrust out into the world again, where people could talk to her and confuse her thinking. All the beautiful clarity faded away, and she was left obscurely hurt and unable to fix the blame.

She had to admit now that Jerry hadn't known Veronica was in Georgia when he answered old Griffin's summons, nor had he known that a storm would come up that afternoon when he and Veronica took a sail to Pirate Island while his patient was sleeping. It had been an accident, her falling as she left the telephone, and since then Jerry had gone through an agony as great as hers. She could not doubt this when, inhabiting his world once more, she looked at his face and saw its weariness.

All her precise indictments of him were forgotten, buried under returning sanity. But although they were buried, they were still there, unseen and unnoticed, dormant, like scar tissue under a healed wound, needing only new aggravation to

Jerry had just come in when the telephone rang. It was Veronica.

bring them into raging life.

When, in February, she had been up for two weeks and Jerry told her painfully that Dunham said she could not have another child, she was able to answer that she knew, and give him comfort which she drew from some secret well of strength within herself.

"The important thing is that we have each other, isn't it?" Jerry asked eagerly, as if begging for confirmation, and she nodded, smiling.

"Yes, Jerry dear."

"Maybe," he said tentatively, "if you'd like to adopt a baby? . . ." Dunham had suggested this; he himself hoped Ann would consider the proposal, at least, and he was not prepared for her harsh, sudden cry:

"No! No, Jerry! It would remind me—"

She stopped, biting her lips.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But I'd rather not. Maybe later . . ."

Quickly, almost fearfully, they turned their thoughts and speech from the subject, and did not again mention it. Nor did either of them talk of the circumstances surrounding that tragic Christmas Eve.

In spite of her silence, in spite of the way their life together had returned to the pattern of normality, Jerry knew that something had changed. An expression in Ann's eyes when she did not know he was watching her, a fleeting tone in her voice, the omission of a laugh where in the old days she would have sparkled with merriment — these were the clues that told him how events had put their mark upon her. At first he tried to tell himself this alteration was maturity—tried desperately to believe in this easy explanation. But there was a taint of resentment in her manner that could have no proper place in maturity. She never asked him, now, about his work at the Sanitarium, showed none of the interest in it she had had when he was doing clinical work at Franklin Hospital. Her avoidance of the topic was tacit proof of what he already knew—that she had no sympathy with medicine carried on for the sake of money, did not want to hear of rich people's ailments, and believed he was wasting his time.

He would not admit her rightness, and her attitude galled him, rubbing his nerves into a rawness he could not always conceal. Then there were brief, sharp passages of acid anger between them, quickly smothered if Penny or particularly Bun were within hearing. It was not in Bun's adolescent scheme of life that these two people he loved so much, his foster parents, should torture themselves and each other with conflict, and Jerry would have died rather than let the boy know anything was wrong.

Late in March Veronica Farrell returned from the South.

She came unexpectedly into Jerry's office one afternoon, smoothly tanned, looking vital and alert in contrast to the late-spring weariness of New Yorkers. She was again staying with Jessie Hughes, she announced; later she would go to an apartment hotel until June. Her aimless existence did not seem to embarrass her. She accepted it as right and just that she need do nothing but cater to her own whims, and when she asked him to take her somewhere for tea Jerry found himself unable to refuse.

"Jerry. Jerry, come quickly. When I got home I found Jim here—dead."

For a time, after they had seated themselves in one corner of a luxurious hotel lounge, Veronica talked lightly of herself, her stay in Georgia, the play she had seen the night before. But abruptly she dropped her pose. She said quietly, "Jessie told me about Ann. It must have happened the night we were caught in the storm."

"Yes," he told her. "It did."

"Jerry—" She looked directly at him, and suddenly all traces of the sophisticated, self-assured woman were gone. "Jerry, I might as well speak plainly. I've—rather pursued you. Asking Jim Griffin to call you to Georgia, for instance. He wanted to have Lawrence. I persuaded him you were the better man for him." She turned her head away. "Don't look so shocked. It's hard enough as it is to tell you this—even though you must have guessed it already."

"I don't understand why you are telling me."

"No?" She smiled a little. "That's because you're modest. It seems, my dear Dr. Malone, that what started out as an entertaining flirtation has unaccountably turned into deadly earnest—as far as I'm concerned. I'm afraid I'm in love with you."

She might, Jerry thought amazedly, have been saying something as trivial as, "I'm going across the street to buy a pair of gloves."

"And so naturally," she was continuing, "I don't want to hurt you. I'm being self-sacrificing, if you can believe it. You love your wife, don't you, Jerry?"

"Very much," he said—curtly, because he was still having difficulty persuading himself that all this was reality and not a dream.

"Yes, I thought so. And the fact that you were with me when—when she fell—has already made things a bit difficult, hasn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly.

She said very softly, "I don't want things to be difficult for you, Jerry. I've told myself not to be a fool—to go out after what I want and the devil take anyone who gets in my way. But—somehow—I can't. That's what I had to tell you today. If ever you and Ann fall out of love—well, then it will be different. But at the moment—" (*Continued on page* 73)

Your Marriage Happiness

Not love alone, but many other qualities as well, must go into making a truly perfect marriage, says radio's singing comedienne, whose own experience proves her theories

By BEATRICE KAY
(As told to Annemarie Ewing)

"I'VE had as much of this as I can stand! My marriage is impossible! I'm through!"

The woman who has never said that to herself is either too good to be true or else she just isn't telling the truth. We all get fed up with marriage, each for our own reasons. Because marriage isn't easy. It isn't all hearts and flowers and moonlight and dancing. It calls for a lot of patience, understanding, tolerance, and applied psychology as well as a deep and genuine love. It takes a lot of hard work to make it a success. And, if it is not a success, you will probably find that nothing else is a success either. Your health, your friends, your work, your finances, all suffer.

I know this because it happened to me. I know it does not have to be that way because I learned how to change it.

You listen to me on the radio, singing the songs of the "Gay Nineties" with their comico-sweetness.

Listen to Beatrice Kay sing on the Gay Nineties, Mondays on CBS.

You see pictures of me in glamorous costumes of the period, dripping with sequins and towering with ostrich plumes. But you may not know that, in private life, I am Mrs. Sylvan Green, who, when she is not singing on the radio, leads a quiet life in the little town of Closter, New Jersey. There Mrs. Green is mistress of a charming little house that used to be an antique shop. She has three beautiful Persian cats. She has an acre full of yard—big enough that she was able to get all her Christmas decorations out of it this past year. It was the happiest Christmas of her life.

The Beatrice Kay you hear on the radio would not be able to do her work well—and maybe not at all—if it were not that the Mrs. Sylvan Green who is her other self, is so happily married. Beatrice Kay gives a lot of credit to Mrs. Sylvan Green—and to Mr. Sylvan Green, too!—Together they have achieved a successful marriage and they're proud of it.

It didn't start out well at all. In fact, my husband-to-be had only one idea in mind when he first saw me. That idea was to get me fired!

He was in charge of the entertainment at a small club in New York and, one day, when he returned from a vacation, he found that the owner of the place had hired me as a singer. Naturally, he resented having new entertainment chosen in his absence. He was supposed to do the hiring and firing around there! He was prepared to think I was terrible and say so.

He sat down at the piano to play for me. It was the first time I had ever sung (*Continued on page* 67)

In slacks and sweater, Beatrice always finds time away from her career to be a housewife as well.

Away from radio, she's Mrs. Sylvan Green, mistress of a charming house that used to be an antique shop.

Charming Barbara Edwards is proud of her black walnut coffee table and the very old lustre pitcher.

This is the masculine bedroom furniture which came along with Ralph from his bachelor days, as did the clock.

In one corner of the bedroom is a desk and typewriter where Ralph answers all his mail.

IF YOU WERE

You'd be the bride of radio's new and handsome quiz star and you'd have inherited a home furnished by bachelors

By JUDY ASHLEY

Photos made especially for Radio Mirror by NBC

THE apartment Ralph Edwards lives in is a half-man, half-woman affair with respect to furniture. The reason is that it was originally occupied by three bachelor announcers—Mel Allen, Andre Baruch, and Ralph. Then Mel Allen brought his mother and father to New York and moved out. Andre married singer Bea Wain and moved out. Now Ralph Edwards lives there with his bride of a year and a half.

Some of the plain masculine furniture that the boys bought still remains. But Barbara Edwards has eased out most of it and substituted her own daintier, more feminine pieces. Many of these are genuine antiques—some of them family heirlooms, some pieces she has picked up in shops in upper New York State and Connecticut.

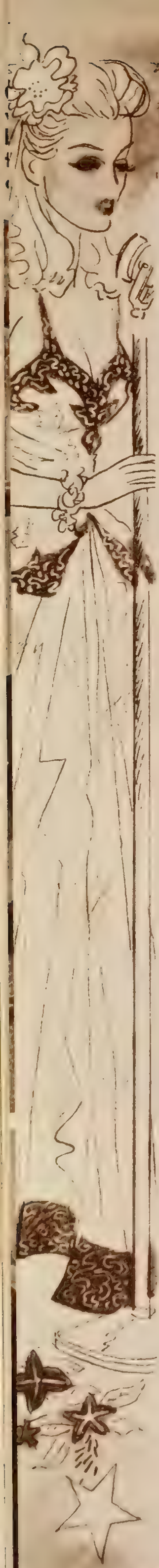
You can note the difference soon after you step into the house. Nothing masculine (*Continued on page* 61)

You'd never believe bachelors used to litter up this pretty living room since Barbara put her feminine touch to it and added a colorful rug, handsome break front and a few lamps.

Mrs. RALPH EDWARDS

Barbara prepares breakfast for Ralph. She possesses an electric juicer, but she prefers the old fashioned method. Below, the Edwardses play Chinese checkers between shows, on trains, planes and busses.

This is the masculine half of the sitting room. Left, Barbara knits in a home-made rocker in the feminine half of the room.



Singing songs is Joan's career, but writing them is her hobby—here's proof that it's a good one.

Girl About Town

Charming and talented Joan Edwards composes her own hit song for her own broadcasts and Radio Mirror presents it here—free to its readers!

Words and Music by
JOAN EDWARDS

Moderately

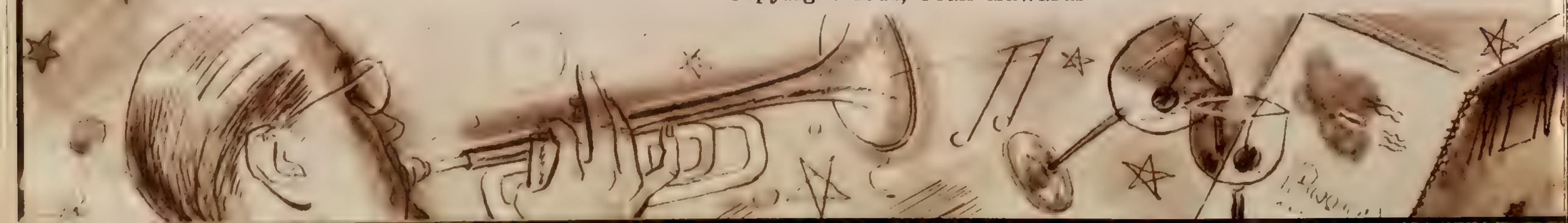
I'm ___ just a Girl a-bout town Look-ing for some-one to love

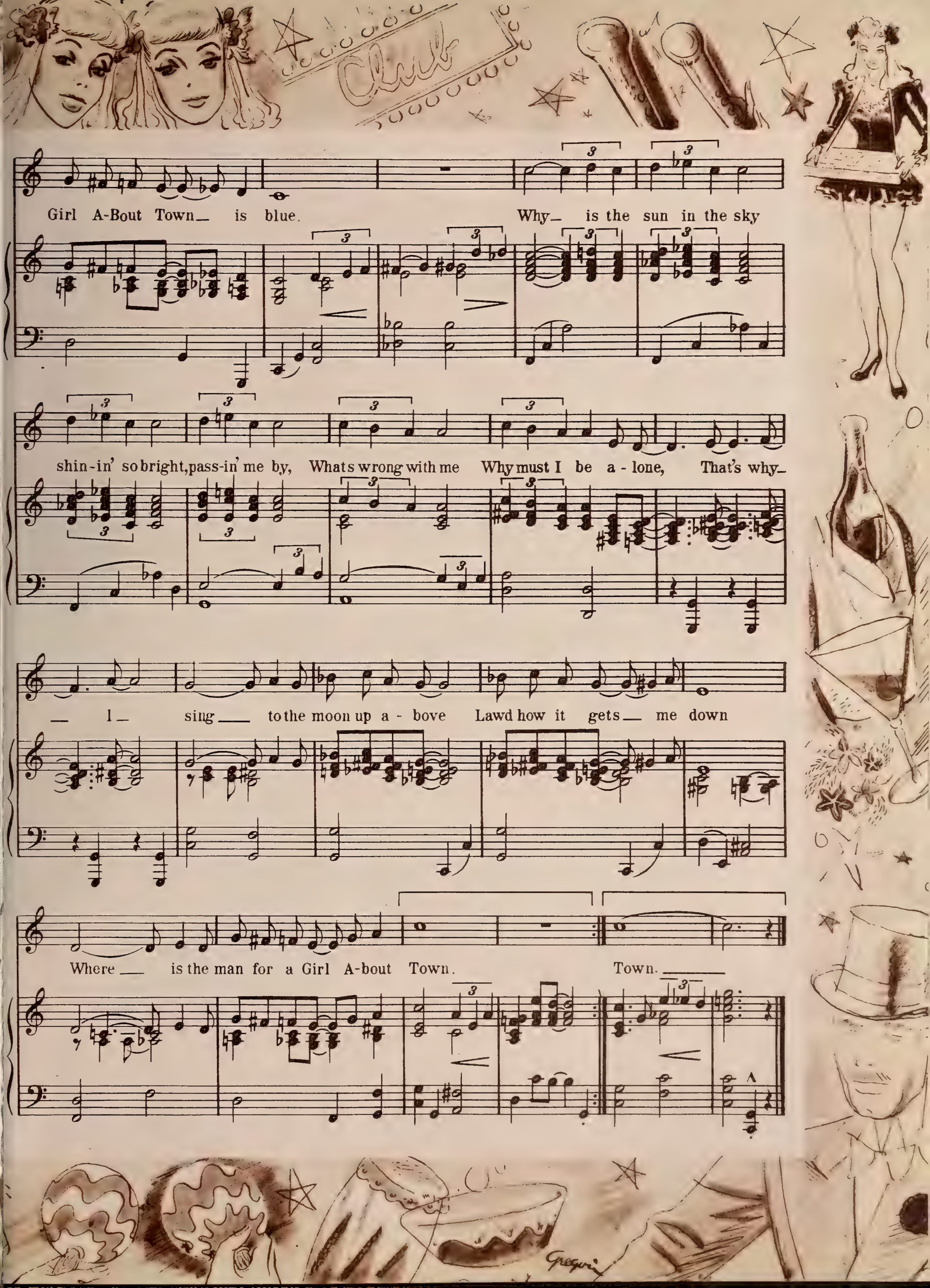
mp-f

Where ___ is the man for a Girl A-bout Town ___ I'm ___ just a

dream-er of dreams None of those dreams come true And ___ so a

Copyright 1941, Joan Edwards




Girl A-Bout Town is blue. Why is the sun in the sky
shin-in' so bright, pass-in' me by, Whats wrong with me Why must I be a-lone, That's why
I sing to the moon up a-bove Lawd how it gets me down
Where is the man for a Girl A-bout Town. Town.

Kindness was something Casino had never known until she met Joe Meade, who said, "There's lots of folks in the world that need a new chance." Read radio's tender story of gallant people

Fictionized from the popular serial of the same name, heard on NBC's Red network, Monday through Friday, at 5:00 P.M., E.D.T., sponsored by Certo and Sure-Jell. Photographs posed by Sammie Hill as Casino, Ed Latimer as Joe and Vincent Donehue as Neil.

JOE MEADE found her in a dark alleyway on the San Francisco waterfront. He had followed the sound of her sobs until he almost stumbled over her, crouched next to an ash can. At his touch she started, terrified, to her feet, and tried to run away. He had almost to drag her with him to an all-night lunch wagon; even then she came, it seemed, because she was afraid of attracting attention by making a scene.

When they came into the light of the lunch wagon she quieted a little. There was something about Joe Meade that inspired confidence. In his square, blunt-featured, middle-aged face there was gentleness, and his voice was low and soothing.

She ate ravenously. He guessed her age twenty-four, and was surprised when she told him sullenly that she was seventeen. Yet, he realized on looking more closely, there was a childlike quality to the ironic droop of her pale lips. She would have been so beautiful, he thought, with a little more flesh on the delicate structure of her face, with some color in her skin and some life in the thick hair that was dulled now with fog and dirt. And dressed in something prettier than her threadbare skirt, sweater, and soiled man's lumberjack.

Her name, she said, was Casino.

"Casino what?" he asked.

"Just Casino," she answered stubbornly.

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere. Around." She set down her coffee cup and glared at the counterman. "Seems to me that fellow's stickin' his nose pretty far into what we're sayin'."

"I ain't even listenin'!" the counterman said defensively, and moved with dignity out of earshot.

"But how about your folks?" Joe asked. "Where are they?"

"I ain't got no folks!" she said with such vehemence that he jumped. "Get that straight. None at all!"

"All right, all right," he pacified her. "I was just askin'." He sat quietly, puffing on his pipe, until she had nearly finished the meal. Then he suggested, "How'd you like to come with me? I live up in the mountains, in a town called New Chance. Used to be a minin' town. I grew up there. Then I went away, and while I was gone the mines shut down and everybody moved out. I come back a few months ago—me and some other folks—and there wasn't anybody there. But we stayed. We're goin' to make New Chance hum again. We've planted some crops and started a pottery. If you'd like to come along we can fix up a house for you to live in, and give you some work to do."

There was an undercurrent of excitement in his voice when he spoke of New Chance. It made her look at him curiously. Then her interest faded and she said with instinctive suspicion:

"What you tryin' to hand me, Mister? What *you* want out of it?"

"Nothin'. Lots of people in this world need a new chance. And New Chance needs people, to help build it again."

"Sounds like a dump," she said laconically. The sliding door of the lunch wagon swung open with a sharp rasp, and she stiffened in terror, Joe noticed, before she saw that it was only a shabbily dressed man who went to the far end of the counter without glancing at them.

"What you afraid of, Casino?" he asked softly.

"Nothin'!" Her voice was shrill. "I ain't afraid o' nothin' at all!"

HOME of the BRAVE

She would have been beautiful, Joe thought, but now her lips were sullen, her eyes were cynical.

Joe smiled tolerantly. "All right. You were just actin' a little jumpy. How about comin' to New Chance?"

For a moment she considered him warily. Finally she shrugged. "Okay, why not?" she sighed. "I'll give it a whirl."

So to the small group of people Joe Meade had brought to New Chance one more was added . . . one small, underfed girl who appeared to trust no one but Joe Meade, and not always even him.

The total population of New Chance just then consisted, besides Joe and Casino, of Neil and Lois Davisson, Doc Gordon, and Pat and Terence Mulvaney. Not a large crew to rebuild a town; but, as Joe said, one with all the goodness of purpose and willingness to work that it needed. Neil and Lois had come with Joe at the very first: he had picked them up in the freight train in which he had made the last lap of the journey from the east. They were young, and Lois soon would have their first baby.

Doc Gordon and Joe had grown up together in New Chance. When the mining town stopped flourishing he had moved to Twin Forks, fifteen miles away, and tried unsuccessfully

to continue his practice there. By the time Joe returned to New Chance he had become old and poor, weakened by liquor and the conviction of his own incompetence. It was Joe's own secret how he had persuaded Doc that his life and usefulness were not necessarily over.

As for the Mulvaneys, they were a pair of Irishmen, as strong and gnarled as two shillalies, who had driven in their old car up the steep dirt road to New Chance one afternoon and announced they wanted to live and work there.

To this community Casino came like a beggar-girl invited to a church supper—dubious, wary, unable to believe in the sincerity of her hosts. Kindness, Joe Meade said to Doc, was so foreign to her experience that she didn't know how to accept it.

"I know how she feels," the undersized, grizzled doctor said. "The way I felt when you found me in Twin Forks. I couldn't figure out why anybody'd want me around . . . or trust me if they were sick."

A GOOD many folks are like that these days, Doc." Joe's eyes grew sombre momentarily. Then he brightened. "But you know better now—and pretty soon Casino will, too . . . How's Lois doin'?"

"Oh, fine," Doc said quickly. "Just fine. Any time now."

"Not—worried, are you, Doc?"

"No," Doc said, and then in quick confession, "Yes. The baby's overdue. I don't like it. And it's so long since I practiced—"

"You're a good doctor," Joe said. "If anybody can help her, you can. That's one thing I'm sure of. And don't *you* forget it, neither."

With a pat on Doc's shoulder, he turned and went down the street toward his own cabin. A kerosene lamp glowed in the window, and he knew that Casino's inexpert hands would have prepared a supper for him. He smiled in the darkness. She was a terrible cook, but he would not have told her so for the world.

After supper he leaned back and said, "Those're good biscuits you whipped up, Casino. The coffee, too."

"Lois showed me how," she admitted shyly. "They ain't very good, I guess. But maybe I'll get the hang of 'em after a while." She leaned forward, chin cradled in her hands. "That Lois, I can't figure her out. I think she's a dope."

"A dope?" Joe inquired mildly. "Why?"

"What's she all steamed up for over that baby she's goin' to have? Honest, Joe, she don't think of nothin' else! When she talks about the kid her face shines like somebody's left her a million bucks. And it ain't even born yet!"

"You don't think a baby's anything to get excited about?"

In disgust, Casino said, "What do they want with a kid? They haven't got a dime! Ain't things tough enough for them, they want to make 'em worse?"

Chuckling, Joe said, "Maybe you're a little young to understand."

"Me young?" Casino's short laugh was sardonic. "I'm a million years old, Joe. I've seen women have babies before—scared to death to tell their husbands there was goin' to be another mouth to feed, wishin' the babies'd die because it'd be better for 'em. Don't talk to me," she said bitterly, "about bein' young!"

"Neil and Lois don't feel that way. They don't own much of anything, but they want that baby. Maybe just *because* they don't own anything, they want it. It'll be something that belongs just to them."

"Sounds dopey to me," Casino insisted. "They're better off without it. And the kid's better off, not bein' born."

Joe was appalled at the depth of her cynicism and despair. She still had not told him anything of her past; what did it hold to create such bitterness? Wanting to ask her, he was interrupted by the sudden thud of footsteps on the wooden porch.

It was Neil Davisson who burst in, panting. "It's Lois!" he cried. "Come quick, Joe—and Casino too! She thinks she's going to have her baby pretty soon."

Joe's chair scraped as he stood up. "That's good, Neil. Is Doc with her?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, before I went to get him." Neil's tanned face was strained; his young, muscular body vibrated with nervousness. "Maybe we ought to send to Twin Forks for a different doctor. Doc Gordon's scared—I know he is—"

"Now, Neil, calm down," Joe advised. "There's nothin' to get scared about, either for you or Doc. Go get him, now, and if he thinks it'd be a good idea to call another doctor, he'll say so, and we'll do it."

They had come out on the porch of the cabin, and Joe and Casino started down the steps. But Neil hesitated. "Well—I—" he began, and swallowed. "I guess I better tell you this, Joe. I don't think Doc'll come now. We had a little talk half an hour ago and—and I guess I said some things I shouldn't of. I—let him know I didn't have much confidence in him and he went away. That was before I knew the baby was coming maybe tonight."

"That was a crazy thing to do, boy." Joe's voice was stern. "Casino, you go with Neil to his house. I'll talk to Doc."

If I can find him, he thought as he left them. He knew on what a slender thread a man's self-confidence could hang; now Doc might really be afraid to attend Lois. And if he were— There was no telephone connection with Twin Forks. It would be hours before they could get a doctor up from there.

In the Davisson cabin, Casino ordered Neil to build up the fire in the stove and start water to heating, while she made Lois as comfortable as possible in the bedroom. Some feminine instinct seemed to take the place of actual knowledge as she moved about the bed where Lois lay, the skin of her forehead damp under curls of brown hair.

Reassuringly, she said, "Don't worry, Lois. Everything's goin' to be all right. Doc's on his way here now."

EXHAUSTED relief showed on Lois' pinched face. "Oh, is he coming, Casino? I was so afraid . . . You see, I overheard Neil talking to him—the window was open and they were outside—I tried to call Neil and say I knew Doc could handle the delivery. But they were arguing too loud, they didn't hear me. And Neil called Doc an old drunk—" Weak tears rolled down her cheeks, but she went breathlessly on. "I wanted to tell Neil I *wanted* Doc and nobody else. Because it's so important to him— If he thought we didn't trust him, he'd never be any good again. And he *can* do it—I *know* he can—"

Casino laid her brown, thin hand on Lois' head, quieting its restless tossing. "Doc'll be here pretty soon," she promised. "Joe went to get him, so he'll come."

"I'm not afraid, really I'm not, Casino. Neil doesn't understand. He thinks I don't know how sick I am. But I do. I know I may have trouble. It doesn't matter—nobody could want a baby as much as I do and not have one. And I mustn't be selfish . . . I mustn't let Doc think I don't trust him—"

The scattered, incoherent words died out on a gasp of pain. Casino stood by the bed, letting Lois' fingers bite into her hands until the paroxysm was over. Then, quietly, absorbed in some thought of her own, she went around the room, collecting towels, cloths, basins—anything that might be of use to the doctor when he came.

It was not long before he was there, bringing into the close, warm room an atmosphere that was a strange mixture of desperation and hope. As he made his preparations Casino saw his lips working continually, and knew that he was biting their inner surfaces in the one gesture of anxiety that slipped past his control.

After a while he threw her a quick glance. "Better go outside and rest a minute—have a cup of coffee or something," he said. "Nothin' to do now but wait, anyhow . . . And tell Neil not to worry."

Neil was in the kitchen, stuffing more wood into a roaring fire, and she said, "Everything's goin' to be all right. Doc says not to worry."

"Is—is the baby here yet?"

"Nope. Not yet. . . . Where's Joe?"

"Outside, on the porch."

She found him perched on the top step, gazing down the street and past it, up to the mountains at which he seemed never to tire of looking; and as she sank down beside him she said in a voice which tried unsuccessfully to keep its old tone of mockery:

"Gee! Never thought I'd be doin' anything like this. I feel like one o' them pioneer women you see in the movies."

Joe turned; in the moonlight she could see his smile. "Maybe you are a pioneer, Casino. Maybe we all are, here in New Chance."

She gripped the rough boards of the porch on each side of her. "Joe," she said with an effort, "New Chance—what you're tryin' to do here, build it up and all—that means a lot to you, don't it?"

"More than anything in the world," he said with the simplicity of deep conviction.

"I got to tell you," Casino burst out. "I didn't want to, but tonight—well, things're happenin' that show me I got to. I ain't the kind o' girl you want here in New Chance. Lois, in there, she is. She's havin' a baby, and she's scared, but she'd rather take a chance on Doc than have anybody else, even if—even if he made a mistake and somethin' terrible happened. If it was me, I'd be screamin' and cussin' and carryin' on. I wouldn't care if I hurt Doc's feelin's, just as long as I was bein' taken care of so I wouldn't die. I wouldn't even have the sense to figure, like Lois does, that it's important for New Chance not to hurt Doc's feelin's."

"You don't know what you'd be doin', Casino," Joe told her, unmoved by her confession. "You might be just as brave, and just as thoughtful, as Lois."

"I wouldn't," Casino said miserably. "But (*Continued on page* 60)

She smiled, and Joe was reminded of the startling loveliness of dawn light on a distant peak. Casino was becoming a woman.

THE COOKING CORNER SUGGESTS

TOP IT OFF WITH SWEETS!

A LONG time ago Mark Twain said that everybody talked about the weather but that nobody did anything about it and I'm beginning to believe that that's the way a lot of people feel about desserts. So many people argue that we shouldn't eat desserts because they're too sweet, too rich, too this or too that—but they don't do anything about cutting them out of their own menus. On the contrary, they are just as likely to pass their plates back for a second helping as you or I.

Well, I think these people are smarter than they realize, not in talking against the traditional and popular last course, but in continuing to eat and enjoy it. For with modern knowledge about food requirements and modern methods of selecting and preparing food to meet those requirements, dessert today can be just as healthful as any other course that precedes it. This is especially true of canned fruit desserts. Present day canners know just how to cook fruits so that their true flavor and minerals remain intact; there's no longer any overcooking, no oversweetening to hide the flavor lost by prolonged cooking at too low or too high temperature. Another factor so important from both a taste and a nutritional standpoint which today's canners are able to control so much more efficiently than those of the past is growing and harvesting the fruits to be canned. Only the finest varieties and qualities are used for canning; they are grown under ideal conditions, picked just at the peak of their ripeness and canned immediately so that there is no mineral loss due to exposure to the air.

So since it's dessert you're after, I'm bringing you this month new and flavorsome recipes which not

BY KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night CBS show, but you can still hear her on her daily talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.D.T., sponsored by General Foods.

only taste good but which, revolutionary as that idea may sound to you, contain the ingredients necessary to round out a nourishing and well balanced menu. They are recipes which have been our favorites here at Camp Sunshine on Lake Placid, where I'm spending the summer and they are all made of canned fruits not only because they are so easy to keep on hand and require so little time to prepare, but because they give such supersatisfactory results.

My Favorite Shortcake

Prepared gingerbread mix
Ice cream
Canned sliced peaches

We use prepared gingerbread mix for this, for after all, it's a summer dessert and we like to make everything as easy as possible, but use your own gingerbread recipe if you prefer. Bake it in two 9-inch layer pans and allow to cool. Chill the peaches and drain them well. Spread peach or vanilla ice cream generously over one gingerbread layer, cover with sliced peaches and then put the second gingerbread layer in place. Arrange peach slices on top and put a generous scoop of ice cream in the center. A variation of this shortcake is to use canned pears, either plain or in grenadine, and either mint or pistachio ice cream.

Ice Cream with Black Cherry Sauce

This is a combination I've often ordered at Schrafft's restaurants, but the same recipe can be made right in your own home and it's equally delicious and beautiful, too, as you can see from the picture at the left.

2½ to 3 cups canned sweet black cherries
1½ cups juice
5 tbls. granulated sugar
4 tsps. cornstarch
2 tbls. cold water
4 tbls. Jamaica rum (optional)
1 tsp. lemon juice

One large jar of cherries will furnish desired quantity of fruit and juice. If there isn't sufficient juice add water. Drain cherries and cut in half, removing pits if they have not been pitted. Heat cherry juice, add sugar and cook until dissolved, then add cornstarch which has been mixed to smooth paste with cold water. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until smooth and thick. Remove from fire, cool to room temperature then add rum and lemon juice. Chill thoroughly and serve on ice cream. This sauce is also excellent for puddings or to pour over sponge cake.

Grape Cream Meringue

The unusual thing about this pie aside from the fact that everybody always asks for more is that the meringue, instead of being on top where we usually find a meringue, is underneath—in fact it is the bottom crust of the pie.

A most luscious but not too rich dessert is this shortcake, made of prepared gingerbread, with ice cream and canned sliced peaches.

The odd thing about this Grape Cream Pie is that the meringue, instead of being on top as usual, is underneath, forming the crust.

It tastes as good as it looks—Cherry Brazil Nut Pie. The combination of canned red cherries and nuts makes a delicious new flavor.

Meringue Shell

⅛ tsp. salt
2 egg whites
⅔ cup sugar
¼ tsp. vinegar
¼ tsp. vanilla

Add salt to egg whites and beat until foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating after each addition. Continue beating until mixture is stiff enough to stand in peaks, then add vinegar and vanilla. Spread evenly on bottom and sides of well-buttered pie plate, swirling mixture around rim of plate as pictured. Bake at 275 degrees F. 40 to 45 minutes, when meringue should be crisp. Cool thoroughly before putting in filling.

Filling

2½ tsp. gelatin
¼ cup water
1 cup grape juice
1 tsp. lemon juice
¼ cup sugar
⅛ tsp. salt
1 cup heavy cream

Soften gelatin in water for 5 minutes. Combine grape juice, lemon juice, salt and sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add 1 tablespoon of the grape juice mixture to the gelatin and stir well, then combine the two mixtures. Chill until syrupy then beat cream until thick but not stiff, and fold it into the grape juice mixture. Cool until slightly thickened, then pour into meringue shell and chill until firm.

Cherry Brazil Nut Pie

Pastry for 9-inch pie plate
⅔ cup sugar
3 tbls. cornstarch
1 cup canned cherry juice
2 cups canned red cherries
1 tbl. butter
½ cup sliced Brazil nuts

Line 9-inch pie plate with uncooked pastry, reserving sufficient pastry for lattice strips across top. Mix sugar and cornstarch, then add cherry juice and cook, using low heat and stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Remove from heat, add cherries, butter and Brazil nuts and pour into pastry. Moisten edge of pastry with cold water, arrange lattice of pastry strips across pie and bake at 425 degrees F. for 30 minutes.

Fruit Mallow Cream

1 jar canned fruit salad
Marshmallows
1 cup whipping cream
½ tsp. almond extract

Drain fruit salad, and cut marshmallows into quarters with scissors—there should be half the quantity of chopped marshmallows as there is of fruit salad. Combine fruit, marshmallows and almond flavoring and chill for about an hour before serving. Just before serving, fold in cream which has been whipped until stiff. Serve in sherbet glasses, reserving sufficient whipped cream to decorate tops of glasses.

SUPERMAN in RADIO

PERRY WHITE, editor of the *Daily Planet,* looked up as Clark Kent and Lois Lane, his two star reporters, entered his office.

"Sit down, both of you. I have an assignment for you. Do you remember those rumors about that isolated town of Gravesend, up in the backwoods mountain regions? Well, this morning I got a letter from a fellow called Lee Jenkins who lives there. Listen to this:

" 'Dear Editor: I write to you cause other folks is afraid. Ever since the Pillar of Fire come up out of the ground in Gravesend we have been living in fear of our lives. The Leader says it's a sign that we should leave our homes and move away. PLEASE HELP US! If you send a reporter, have him meet me at the bridge five miles outside of town at 11 o'clock tonight. *Don't let him come to the village if he values his life!'*

"Well, Kent—what do you make of it?"

"It's hard to say, Mr. White—but I'd like to go up there and look into it!"

Late that evening, Kent and Lois pulled up on the wooden bridge a few miles out of Gravesend. It was one minute to eleven when Kent glanced at his watch. He stepped on the gas again and the car moved forward. The back wheels had hardly left the bridge structure when the stillness of the night was blasted with a shaking explosion. The two reporters looked back to see the bridge, smashed to bits, disappear into the water. Kent faced the frightened girl.

"Well, Miss Lane—it looks as if someone didn't want our company. They just missed getting rid of us. And I have a hunch we won't see Jenkins tonight. Whoever planted that bomb must have taken care of him, too. I guess we'll just have to go on to Gravesend."

Minutes later their car entered the narrow gateway that was the only entrance to the strangely walled town. They drove through deserted streets, their motor sending strange echoes through the night. Finally, Kent noticed a light in a large white house which sat back off the road. He parked and he and Lois walked up to the porch. A tall, heavy-set man answered their ring.

"Good evening, sir," Kent said. "We are two reporters from the *Daily Planet* in the city. We're looking for a place to spend the night."

"Come in—come in. I'm the Mayor of Gravesend. I have plenty of room right here. But what in the world brings two reporters to my little city?"

"Mayor," Lois interrupted, "I wonder if you'd mind if I went along to bed now while Mr. Kent talks to you? I think the drive and experience we had a few minutes ago was a little too much for me."

One good shove and Superman got the big boulder out of his way.

He seized the two falling bodies and hauled them back to safety.

Red cloak streaming in the wind, Superman raced to rescue Lois.

Solicitously, the Mayor escorted Lois to her room. Alone with Kent, he listened to the reporter's story of the letter and the bomb. Utterly bewildered, he shook his head.

"I've never heard of a Leader or the Pillar of Fire or anything else. But—"

A loud, piercing scream and then the sounds of a struggle on the floor above drowned out the rest of his words. Taking the steps two at a time, Kent reached Lois' door. He shook the knob and pounded on the heavy wooden panels but there was no answer. He turned to the Mayor who had run after him.

"The door is locked. We'll have to break it down!"

"Impossible, Kent. It's too heavy—I'll run and get help!"

As soon as the Mayor disappeared, Kent went into action—"Good thing the Mayor's gone. Now Clark Kent can give way to—Superman! Now—just one good shove! Ah-h—that did it. I'm through! But where's Lois?"

Quickly he searched the room. There was no trace of her. Moving with the speed of lightning, Superman tapped the walls, searching vainly for a hidden door or panel. Finally he saw a large closet in a corner. He jerked the door open and tapped the wall. His knuckles echoed hollowly.

"This is it—it's hollow! No time to waste looking for the panel release. I'll have to break right through. Back to get a good start—then forward!"

The wall went down as the Man of Steel brought his shoulder against it. "Good—this is it. This is the passage the people who got Miss Lane must have taken. No time to lose now . . . no one in sight. Faster—FASTER—before they get away!"

A weird figure rocketed through the underground passages of Gravesend. Red cloak streaming in the wind, Superman raced to the rescue of Lois Lane. Suddenly, he came to the end of the tunnel and out into the open. Then, momentarily startled by the sight that met his eyes, he stopped short. Unbelieving, he watched a solid sheet of orange flame leap hundreds of feet into the air.

"So that's the Pillar of Fire the Mayor said didn't exist. But wait a minute—what's that up on the cliff? A figure—no—two figures! Why, it's a man—and he's carrying Lois on his shoulders! I've got to get to them quickly. Up—up—and AWAY! . . . He can't see me through all this smoke—but I can see him! Lois seems limp—must have fainted. Gosh—he's crawling dangerously close to the cliff-edge. . . . Great Scott!—the edge is breaking off—there he goes—both of them slipped over! I've got to work fast!"

The tall figure swooped down with the swiftness of a bullet. His hands, strong and accurate, seized the two falling bodies (*Continued on page* 77)

Sunday

Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan (left) and young bandleader Will Bradley are co-starred on the Silver Theater Summer show over CBS—plus a special guest star.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT:

The Silver Theater Summer Show, starring Ed Sullivan and Will Bradley's orchestra, sponsored by the International Silver Company on CBS at 6:00 P.M., E.D.T.

Maybe you think Ed Sullivan, the Broadway columnist who is master of ceremonies of this program, is a newcomer to radio. If you do, you're all wrong. He had his own show on NBC in the early network days, and on that show he introduced a number of talented radio unknowns. Gertrude Niesen was one. Jack Pearl was another. A third was a guy named Jack Benny, who was doing all right in vaudeville then but didn't know what a magic future the microphone had for him. After that first series of programs Ed Sullivan rather dropped out of the radio picture and concentrated on his newspaper writing—but now he's back, and still discovering new talent.

Ed lives at the Hotel Astor, right in the middle of his beloved Times Square; but that doesn't mean you can ever locate him there. With the possible exception of Mayor LaGuardia, he must be one of the hardest men in New York to find. He's always out, browsing around the city in search of items for his column. Occasionally he makes a frenzied dash for the country to visit his wife and daughter, both of whom he adores but seldom sees.

Although he knows hundreds of celebrities and makes his living by mixing with people, Ed is really quite shy. It was planned to have his program come from a CBS playhouse, with an audience. After a couple of broadcasts they had to bar the audience—it made Ed nervous. The program still takes place in the playhouse, with a rather eerie effect—Will Bradley's swing band playing away madly in front of rows of empty seats.

Ed takes pride in several things. One, that he has successfully given many newcomers their first important break. Two, that he is an Irishman. Three—for no particular reason that anyone can tell—that although all the papers he worked on when he was a struggling young reporter have since failed, the one he works for now is still flourishing.

Will Bradley's orchestra is only about a year old, and this is its first commercial radio program. It came to success via the phonograph-record and juke-box routes. "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar," was the song which first helped it climb into high favor with swing-music addicts. It also helped to popularize the "boogie-woogie" type of music—but if you don't know what boogie-woogie is, don't ask, because it's much too involved to go into here. In spite of the band's swingy reputation, though, Will says only nine of the pieces in its repertoire of over a hundred tunes are real boogie-woogie.

Rehearsals of the Silver Summer Show are informal and lots of fun. The boys in the band are all young—Will himself is about thirty and looks twenty—and nothing can restrain them from jam-sessions between numbers. Usually a few friends or relatives of the band-members are present to burst into delighted applause.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time, subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time. ➤

DATES TO REMEMBER

August 3: The special guest of the Ford Summer Hour, tonight at 9:00 on CBS, is Buddy Clark, the popular tenor.

August 10: Mary Eastman, who hasn't been heard on the air enough recently, comes to the Ford Hour tonight for a guest appearance.

August 24: And tonight's Ford Hour guest is Maxine Sullivan, the colored singer, who does things with popular music no one else in the world can do. . . . Have you listened yet to CBS' amusing Young Ideas program at 5:00?

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTR STANDARD TIME	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:00	CBS: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	CBS: **News of Europe**
	7:00	9:00	NBC: **News from Europe**
	7:15	9:15	CBS: **From the Organ Loft**
	7:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
	7:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Deep River Boys**
	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Primrose String Quartet**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
	9:00	11:00	CBS: **News**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **News**
7:30	9:30	11:30	CBS: **What's New at the Zoo**
7:30	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Treasure Trails of Song**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **Syncopation Piece**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Emma Otero**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **I'm an American**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Music Hall**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Down South**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
9:00	11:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Silver Strings**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Choose**
9:30	11:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Matinee with Lytell**
10:00	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Invitation to Learning**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Hidden History**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **NBC String Symphony**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Foreign Policy Assn.**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **News**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Tapestry Musicale**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
11:00	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Columbia Symphony**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **JOSEF MARAIS**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Talent, Ltd.**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Meet the Music**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Upton Close**
12:30	2:30	4:30	CBS: **Spirit of '41**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Behind the Mike**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Charles Dant Orch.**
1:00	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Young Ideas**
		5:00	NBC-Blue: **Moylan Sisters**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Joe and Mabel**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **Olivio Santoro**
	3:30	5:30	CBS: **The Ontario Show**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Roy Shield Orch.**
2:00	4:00	6:00	CBS: **Ed Sullivan**
2:00	4:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Blue Barron Orch.**
2:00	4:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
2:30	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Gene Autry and Dear Mom**
2:30	4:30	6:30	MBS: **Bulldog Drummond**
2:30	4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Dr. I. Q. Junior**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **News From Europe**
7:30	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Reg'lar Fellers**
3:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Delta Rhythm Boys**
	5:30	7:30	CBS: **World News Tonight**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Pearson and Allen**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
3:45	5:45	7:45	MBS: **Wythe Williams**
4:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Pause That Refreshes**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Star Spangled Theater**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **What's My Name**
7:00	6:30	8:30	CBS: **Crime Doctor**
7:00	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Inner Sanctum Mystery**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **FORD SUMMER HOUR**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Old Fashioned Revival**
8:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
8:15	7:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **The Parker Family**
7:15	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
5:45	7:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Bill Stern Sports Review**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Take It or Leave It**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Goodwill Hour**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
4:00	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Columbia Workshop**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Deadline Drama**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Headlines and Bylines**
7:00	9:00	11:00	NBC: **Dance Orchestra**

MONDAY

P.S.T	C.S.T	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Hymns of All Churches**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
9:15	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Buck Private**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Clark Dennis**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Wife Saver**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **Martha Webster**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
10:00	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Modern Mother**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: **Alma Kitchell**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
3:15	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **You're the Expert**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
	1:45	3:45	CBS: **Lecture Hall**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We, the Abbotts**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Burl Ives**
2:45	3:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
7:55	9:10	6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
9:00	10:00	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **This Is the Show**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
6:30	8:30	7:30	CBS: **BLONDIE**
7:30	5:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
6:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Cavalcade of America**
4:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Report to the Nation**
4:00	6:00	8:00	MBS: **Contact Dave Elman**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Telephone Hour**
7:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **GAY NINETIES**
	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **Forecast**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Basin Street Music**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I. Q.**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **News**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Famous Jury Trials**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Contented Hour**
6:30	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Girl About Town**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio Forum**

Charming Alma Kitchell's NBC programs are designed to help women.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Alma Kitchell, star of three weekly NBC programs that are specially prepared and broadcast for women—Alma Kitchell's Briefcase on NBC-Blue at 11:45 A.M. Mondays, Alma Kitchell's Streamline Journal on the Blue at 11:30 A.M. Tuesdays, and the Pin Money Party on NBC-Red at 1:15 P.M. Thursdays. All are sustaining programs, so their broadcast times are subject to sudden change.

Alma Kitchell is a generously proportioned, gracious woman with a great zest for living, doing things and meeting people. She admits herself that her radio programs aren't "commercial." That's because she's more interested in helping listeners—bringing them information that will enrich their lives—than in just entertaining them. Nothing pleases her more than to broadcast a show like the Pin Money Party, which consists of stories of women who have built big careers out of enterprises that started with the desire to make a little extra money.

Alma is a career woman herself, but that hasn't kept her from being a very successful wife and mother. She came to New York as a very young woman with the idea of being a concert singer; and she not only accomplished that ambition but she married her voice teacher too. They're still happily married, live in a New York suburb, and have two sons, one in college and one in high school. Alma is vice president of the high school's Parent-Teacher Association. Her work at NBC keeps her very busy, but she couldn't resist accepting the vice-presidency when someone reminded her how proud it would make her son.

She's a radio veteran—came to NBC first as a singer, then began a program of her own in which she talked about people behind the scenes of radio. Now she almost never sings on the air, but that doesn't mean she's given up that phase of her career. She's a regular soloist in church choirs and song recitals.

Tune in one of her programs, and you'll soon find yourself under the spell of her warm, friendly sincerity.

← For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time →

DATES TO REMEMBER

July 28: Mutual broadcasts the fight tonight between Fritzie Zivic, world champion welterweight, and Freddy Cochrane. Ten o'clock, E.D.T.—Don Dunphy and Bill Corum at the microphone.

August 4: Vox Pop starts a series on CBS tonight at 8:00.

August 19: The series of N. Y. Philharmonic concerts on CBS is nearly over—so listen tonight at 9:30, E.D.T.

TUESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Hymns of all Churches**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
9:15	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue **Buck Private**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Clark Dennis**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Wife Saver**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
9:45	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **Martha Webster**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red· **Pepper Young's Family**
10:00	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Alma Kitchell**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
3:15	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **You're the Expert**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We, the Abbotts**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Burl Ives**
2:45	3:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
9:00	10:00	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
3:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Helen Menken**
	5:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
7:30	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Court of Missing Heirs**
7:30	6:00	8:00	MBS: **Wythe Williams**
7:30	9:30	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
4:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
8:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **We, the People**
7:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Grand Central Station**
8:30	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
5:30	7:30	9:30	CBS: **Stadium Concert**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **News**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Hap Hazard Show**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **New American Music**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Date With Judy**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **College Humor**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Ray Perkins**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
9:15	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Buck Private**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Wife Saver**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **Martha Webster**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
10:00	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
3:15	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **You're the Expert**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We, the Abbotts**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Burl Ives**
2:45	3:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
7:55	9:10	6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
9:00	10:00	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Meet Mr. Meek**
7:30	5:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
4:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Rinso Show**
7:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Quiz Kids**
	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Thin Man**
7:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
4:30	6:30	8:30	MBS: **Boake Carter**
7:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Manhattan at Midnight**
7:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Plantation Party**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **Millions for Defense**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Hemisphere Revue**
8:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Quizzer Baseball**
8:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Mr. District Attorney**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Author's Playhouse**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
6:30	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Juan Arvizu**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

Umpire Harry Von Zell and "pitcher" Budd Hulick star on Quizzer Baseball.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Quizzer Baseball, the new question-and-answer show on NBC-Red Wednesday night at 9:00, E.D.T. (rebroadcast at 8:00, Pacific Time), sponsored by Ipana and Sal Hepatica.

Don't let the title fool you. This program has almost nothing to do with baseball. It's just a quiz show managed like a baseball game. The players are divided into teams; questions are "pitched" to them; and correct answers bring either single base hits, doubles, three-baggers or home runs for the players. The winning team gets a cash prize; the losing team gets money too, but not as much.

It's a clever idea, but really tough on the contestants, because they have to think while the "pitcher" of the opposing team, either Budd Hulick or a guest star, heckles them and Harry Von Zell, the "umpire" calls strikes against them. If you've ever participated in a quiz program, you know how hard this would be.

The stage in the NBC studio where the show originates is all decked out with an electric scoreboard like the ones used in real baseball games, and Budd Hulick and Harry Von Zell wear baseball uniforms. Contestants draw their questions by picking a tiny wooden bat, bearing a number, out of a box. The number corresponds with a question, and all questions are rated according to difficulty, so that before he tries to answer it the player knows whether it's a home run or only a single. Of course this adds to the mental hazards. It's safe to say that the players earn their money.

Budd Hulick, the permanent "pitcher" for the home team, has changed a good deal from the screwball comedian you used to hear with Colonel Stoopnagle. Now he's a poised master of ceremonies who concentrates on being pleasant and friendly on the air and doesn't try very hard to be funny.

The listening audience isn't asked to send in questions, so don't rack your brains for good ones.

← For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time →

DATES TO REMEMBER

July 31: Bert Lahr is on the Kraft Music Hall tonight, filling in the comedy spot while Bob Burns is on vacation.

August 14: Tune in your Mutual station at 10:00, E.D.T., for the fight between Abe Simon and Buddy Baer. . . . There's a new program starting tonight at 7:30 on CBS. Called Maudie's Diary, it's about a feminine Henry Aldrich.

August 21: And speaking of Henry Aldrich, he returns to NBC-Red at 8:30 tonight, after a month's vacation.

THURSDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Hymns of All Churches**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
9:15	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Buck Private**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Clark Dennis**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Wife Saver**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
9:45	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **Martha Webster**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
10:00	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Richard Kent**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Pin Money Party**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
3:15	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **You're the Expert**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
11:45	1:45	3:45	CBS: **Adventures in Science**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **We, the Abbotts**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Burl Ives**
2:45	3:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Bob Edge**
9:00	10:00	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:30	4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Rex Stout**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
7:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Your Marriage Club**
6:00	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Xavier Cugat**
	5:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
8:30	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Death Valley Days**
7:30	6:00	8:00	MBS: **Wythe Williams**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The World's Best**
7:30	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Benny Goodman**
4:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **Barbershop Quartet**
8:00	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **News**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Montreal Symphony**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Rudy Vallee**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Ahead of the Headlines**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Good Neighbors**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	7:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Isabel Manning Hewson**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
9:15	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Buck Private**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Clark Dennis**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Wife Saver**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **Martha Webster**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
10:00	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS. **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
3:15	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **You're the Expert**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
11:30	1:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
11:45	1:45	3:45	CBS: **Exploring Space**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
12:15	2:15	4:15	CBS: **Highways to Health**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
2:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We, the Abbotts**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Burl Ives**
2:45	3:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
	9:10	6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
9:00	10:00	6:30	CBS **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC Red: **European News**
3:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Southern Cruise**
7:30	5:30	7:30	MBS **The Lone Ranger**
8:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: Red: **Claudia**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC. Blue. **Auction Quiz**
	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
4:30	6:30	8:30	CBS **Proudly We Hail**
	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
7:30	7:00	9:00	CBS **Great Moments from Great Plays**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
7:30	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Ben Bernie**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
5:30	7:30	9:30	CBS: **Hollywood Premiere**
5:30	7:30	9:30	MBS **Elisabeth Rethberg**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue. **Your Happy Birthday**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Dog House**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Penthouse Party**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC Red **Wings of Destiny**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS **News of the World**

Your announcer for many favorite programs—radio veteran Ford Bond.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Ford Bond, who announces so many programs every week that it would be difficult for you to miss hearing him at least once. He's on three daytime serials—David Harum, Stella Dallas, and Orphans of Divorce—on Easy Aces, the Cities Service Concert Friday nights and the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round Sundays, and when Rudy Vallee is in New York he announces that program too. But he doesn't think he's very busy just now. He used to announce thirty-three programs a week and double as master of ceremonies in a stage show at the Roxy Theater. After four years of that he ended up with a nervous breakdown and decided that from then on he'd take things easier.

"Radio work isn't difficult," Ford says. "It's just hard on your nerves."

Maybe you noticed that all of Ford's programs are on NBC. That's because he is also a member of the NBC staff, which adds to his duties as well as preventing him from accepting a commercial program heard on any other network. He announces NBC sustaining programs when he has time, which isn't often, and works creatively behind the scenes for the network, frequently helping to write or produce programs. In addition, he averages a couple of appearances a week at benefit performances for different charities.

With all that activity, it's no wonder that Ford doesn't see much of his family, which consists of a wife and two children, a nine-year-old girl and a five-year-old boy. He gets a chance to eat dinner at home once a week, because his free time is from late Friday night until the middle of Sunday afternoon. Six months out of every year he practically lives on his boat, a sixty-foot cruiser, which he keeps on Long Island Sound. He likes it there because no one can telephone him.

You'd think that he would live in terror of forgetting one of his studio appointments, but he says they're so deeply ingrained in his consciousness that remembering them is like remembering to eat. Frequently, when he has an appointment that isn't part of his daily routine, he sends himself a note in the mail to remind himself to keep it. He insists that his memory is very bad.

← For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time →

DATES TO REMEMBER

July 25: Raymond Gram Swing returns tonight from his trip to England.

August 16: Jessica Dragonette returns to the air tonight as feminine singing star of The Saturday Night Serenade.

SATURDAY

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:00	CBS: **News of Europe**
		8:00	NBC: **News**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Hank Lawsen**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Dick Leibert**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **String Ensemble**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Deep River Boys**
	7:00	9:00	CBS: **Press News**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **News**
	7-15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Market Basket**
	7:30	9:30	CBS: **Old Dirt Dobber**
	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **New England Music**
	8:00	10:00	CBS. **Burl Ives**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Continentales**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Let's Swing**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Gold if You Find It**
9:30	11:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **America The Free**
9:00	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Lincoln Highway**
	9:05	11:05	CBS: **The Life of Riley**
10:30	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Dorothy Kilgallen**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Rinso Variety Show**
	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Hillbilly Champions**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **Country Journal**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Consumer Time**
9:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Stars Over Hollywood**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Jobs for Defense**
8:45	10:45	12:45	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Brush Creek Follies**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
9:30	11:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Cleveland Calling**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Johnny Long Orch.**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Of Men and Books**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Bright Idea Club**
11:00	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Dorian String Quartet**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Indiana Indigo**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Nature Sketches**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Calling Pan-America**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Listen to Lytell**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **A Boy, a Girl, and a Band**
1:00	3:00	5:00	CBS: **Matinee at Meadowbrook**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Tommy Dorsey**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **The World Is Yours**
2:00	4:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Dance Music**
2:30	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
2:30	4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Religion in the News**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: **Edward Tomlinson**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
3:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Defense for America**
3:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Wayne King**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Little Ol' Hollywood**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
3:45	5:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
7:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Boy Meets Band**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Latitude Zero**
7:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **City Desk**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Bishop and the Gargoyle**
7:00	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Truth or Consequences**
8:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Spin and Win**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **National Barn Dance**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Summer Symphony**
5:45	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Chicago Concert**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
6:30	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Girl About Town**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

Bitter Sweet

(*Continued from page* 17)

on safer ground.

"The Carruthers don't know I told you they ordered all that potato salad I hope?" Mrs. Schmaltz would ask anxiously.

"No, they don't. And I'd have known about their party anyway," Mary Margaret would explain reassuringly. "My scout at the dairy told me they'd ordered quarts of extra cream."

Even then Mary Margaret was on her way to becoming the famous columnist of the radio. Even then she was bringing substance to the dreams she and her grandfather, who had been her childhood companion, had dreamed as they had walked through ripening wheat fields in the summer and rocked beside the kitchen stove in the winter.

Grandpa McBride, who had spent his life teaching school, had wanted to be a writer. His son, caring nothing for books, content to be a farmer and to swap farms for change and excitement had been a disappointment to him for this reason. Mary Margaret was different. From the time she could talk she had handled words as if they were living things. At four years of age she had learned "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" in Greek and in Latin. And there was nothing she enjoyed more than to have her grandfather read Dickens to her.

"Remember, Mary Margaret," he would shake his finger and say, *"You're going to be a writer!* Don't let anyone change this for you! You'll be unhappy if you do and make them unhappy too. Same way I have! Some—like you and me—are born with notions that make them strangers to those they love most . . .

"And it's a funny thing, child, it's a funny thing . . . If we put what we think on paper people will read it, even repeat it. Whereas if we only say what we think people will laugh and tell us we're crazy . . . "

His finger would wag faster, faster. *"Remember now," he'd say, "you're going to be a writer—whatever happens!"*

IT wasn't only the things Grandpa McBride had said which influenced Mary Margaret as she grew older. Her urge to write about the things she thought and the things she saw constantly grew stronger.

One day Mary Margaret and Bill sat together on a hillside to which spring had come. It was warm in the sun. Clover sweetened the air. White clouds moved lazily against a bright sky.

"You're coming back next fall," Bill said suddenly, gripping her hand. "You're sure you won't decide it's too hard working and studying at the same time—and quit!"

She touched his face gently. "I'll be back, Bill," she promised. "I don't mind working and studying at the same time. I have a great-aunt who'd pay my way, if I would let her. But she wants me to study to be Lady Principal of the little college her husband endowed and I told her I couldn't do that—that I had to go to New York and be a writer . . . "

Bill laughed triumphantly. "And now you're going to marry a poor engineer," he said. "Now you're not going to be a writer at all."

She had meant to tell him she planned to go to New York when she was graduated, for a little while anyway. But words failed her. The loneliness they would know during the summer holidays already was heavy upon them. And she didn't want to send Bill away brooding, doubting her love, closing his heart to her.

They turned to each other. Her mouth was like the wild roses that grew along the Missouri roadsides. His arms, strong and tender, closed round her and shut out the world.

Semesters and holidays gathered themselves into years. And the love between Mary Margaret and Bill, never idyllic, always young and passionate, grew more and more demanding.

When they returned to the University for their Junior year they met, by arrangement, at the Junction. And they walked through the quiet streets of the town, drenched in love.

"We can't go on like this," Bill said at last, desperately. "We just can't! Let's get married! Tonight!"

"Let's!" said Mary Margaret. She found it impossible now to consider any life, any dream, any plan that would take her beyond Bill's arms.

Up one street and down another they searched. But all the little parsonages that stood beside the churches were dark. And, at last, they had to run to the station to catch the last train.

From then on, however, Mary Margaret dreamed of nothing but marrying Bill, having dinner ready when he came home from work, having four children—two boys and two girls—who combined the best features she and Bill possessed and were brilliant to boot, tending a little garden in which lupin and hollyhocks and delphiniums grew.

There was a rebellious group at the University of Missouri who talked liberally about liberal things. Bill disapproved of them. But Mary Margaret, interested in everything and everybody, found them fascinating.

It was the evening before graduation that she came into the delicatessen store looking weary. "You're not ill?" Bill asked anxiously.

"Just sleepy," she told him. "I sat up all night drinking coffee and listening to the Liberals hold forth about life and love."

Bill's face hardened. "I don't want to hear about it," he said. "I'm very sorry you had anything to do with them. Where's your pride?"

"My pride?" Mary Margaret looked bewildered. "My pride, Bill?"

YOU'RE going to be my wife!" His eyes were blazing. "And I don't want you hobnobbing with people like that. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Mary Margaret told him. "But I make no promise. Because I know I'll want to hear what all kinds of people think about all kinds of things—as long as I live."

They made up their quarrel, of course. It was a trifling thing. But trifles can be important. A grain of sand can stop a watch. And Mary Margaret, prompted by that quarrel to remember the things her grandfather had said to her, kept thinking about them again and again.

"Remember you're going to be a writer," she could hear him saying. *"Don't let anyone change this for you. You'll be unhappy if you do and make them unhappy."*

More than once that summer Bill, visiting the McBrides, accused Mary Margaret of loving him less. She protested, earnestly, that this wasn't true.

This led to quarrels which corroborated all the things Mary Margaret had begun to fear for Bill and herself. And when autumn came she left for New York.

It wasn't an easy thing to do for she took her heart with her. And it was while she banged fiercely on her typewriter to banish the image of Bill's dear face and to forget she was insupportably lonely that, slowly but surely, she found newspaper success.

"You'll come back one day and I'll be waiting," Bill wrote her.

She did go home at last. And when their eyes met—her's radiantly brown and his smoky blue—the old dizzy sweetness was there still. So were other things, alas—her success and his resentment of it—to cause more quarrels and part them again.

For a long time now they haven't seen each other. However, one of the first things Bill ever said to Mary Margaret was "This is forever!"

And Forever is a long, long time!

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Orphans of Divorce

(*Continued from page* 16)

Sixth Avenue, she forced herself to check the rising fear within her. She would need every bit of self control she possessed to face the situation which lay ahead.

Nora began to climb the last flight of steps. At the top she paused and listened again and heard only the hammering of her own heart. She knocked softly on the door. There was no answer. She knocked again and then, turning the knob, she entered the room.

Barbara was standing at the window, peering down into the street. An uncomfortable looking bed was pushed against one wall and in the corner farthest from the door there was a table on which stood a wicker clothes basket.

At the click of the door Barbara looked up and for a moment mother and daughter looked at each other without speaking. Then with a relieved, "Mother! You *did* come. I knew you would, somehow." Barbara went to Nora's arms. There was no hysteria, no sobbing, but in those few whispered words Nora sensed all of Barbara's great longing and need for her.

It was Barbara who pulled away from their embrace. "You—you've never seen your grandson," she faltered and led Nora to the table in the corner. In his clothes basket bed, Baby Sandy lay asleep. Nora leaned over the basket, devouring the tiny sleeping figure with her eyes, then cautiously, gently, she put out her hand and touched a tiny pink fist. At last she turned to Barbara.

"The first time I held you in my arms, Barbara," she said softly, "I thought I could never ask anything better of life than that—just to hold you in my arms and know you were my baby. But now—well, now I know a woman has never lived, completely, until she has seen her first grandchild."

BARBARA smiled mistily and Nora realized for the first time how thin she had grown and how great an effort she was making to hold herself in check. In her finely sculptured face her eyes looked like the eyes of a child who has been brutally punished for something it doesn't understand. That bewildered suffering look went straight to Nora's heart and she said, as she had said to Joan earlier in the evening, "Begin at the beginning."

Slowly at first, then quickly, jerkily, Barbara began to talk, interrupting her own words every few minutes to run to the window and watch for Alex's arrival as she had been watching when Nora entered the room. Sometimes she repeated in one breath what she had said in a preceding one, without knowing that it was repetition. Sometimes she sat, inert, with her smooth, dark head bowed; sometimes she sprang up and paced the floor. But from her disjointed sentences Nora managed to piece the heartbreaking facts together.

One fact stood out above all the rest. Barbara still loved Alex—but she believed that he no longer loved her. If he loved her, she told Nora, he would prove it by pulling himself together, stopping his drinking, and getting a job. And if he didn't promise to do that, she would know that everything was over between them and she would leave him tonight, as she had told her father she would do.

"But I don't want to leave him, Mother," she sobbed. "I'd stay with him forever, no matter how poor we were, if he only loved me."

And it was with this heartbroken cry of Barbara's still echoing in her ears that Nora waited in the shabby little room for Alex's return. It hadn't been difficult to persuade Barbara to leave so that she could talk to Alex alone.

She had waited nearly half an hour when she heard a fumbling step in the hall and a moment later Alex entered the room. He wasn't the smiling, confident young man she had known before she chose to disappear out of her children's lives; he was older now and eyes, as bewildered as Barbara's own, looked from the mask of defeat which his face had become. He had obviously been drinking, but the unexpected sight of Nora, bent over Baby Sandy's basket bed in the corner, shocked him into sobriety.

WHY—why, Mother Nora," he stammered in amazement. "I didn't expect to find you here." Then so sharply, so frantically that Nora could almost feel his fright, he rasped out, "What's happened? Where's Barbara?"

"Barbara's all right," she said reassuringly. "She'll be back in a few minutes."

"Thank God!" The words came in the slow whisper of exhaustion and Alex sank wearily into a chair. "I've been nearly crazy, worrying about her. You haven't any idea what she's been going through, Mother Nora."

"I think I have, Alex," Nora answered slowly, "maybe even more of an idea than you have. We had a long talk tonight. I know she's worried and unhappy, just as you are." She hesitated, searching for words. So much depended on making Alex understand Barbara's wretchedness without adding to his own. "In some ways I think she's even unhappier than you are because—well, because, Alex," she added gently, "she thinks you don't love her any more."

"Thinks *I* don't love *her*!" Alex repeated with bewildered emphasis. "Oh, no, Mother Nora. You've got it all wrong. It's Barbara who doesn't love me. How could she?" he added harshly. "I haven't any money—can't take care of her—" his voice mounted and suddenly he was pouring out all the fear and bitterness of the past few weeks.

Saying goodbye before their vacation are Jackie Kelk who plays the part of Homer and Charita Bauer who's Mary in The Aldrich Family. The program returns August 21st.

HIS WORDS, like Barbara's, told Nora of a mind tortured by despair almost to the breaking point. As though glad of a long-denied chance to talk he described his first frantic efforts to get a job on which he could support Barbara and the baby comfortably, his discouragement when he failed to find one and his attempt to get rid of that discouragement by drinking. He confessed his humiliation at Cyril's refusal to help; his even greater humiliation when Barbara told him that she would try to find work. And in every word he revealed his devotion to his wife and baby and his self-reproach because he hadn't been able to take care of them properly.

"I've failed them," he said miserably. "Failed them when they needed me most. Sometimes," his eyes were haunted, "sometimes I think it would be better for Barbara to take the baby and go to her father. He'd give them a home, even though he hasn't any use for me."

Nora, with a fervent prayer that he would never need to know how terrifyingly close that possibility was, said, "I know how you feel, Alex. I've felt all day that I had failed Barbara, too. And I know the horrible sick feeling you must have had when you lost everything—lost the security you'd always had and thought you always would have. The same thing happened to me, you know. But you're really luckier than I was. I had nothing but memories to fall back on and you have Barbara and Sandy."

"And I can't even buy them a decent meal," the words ripped out of his throat and then he fell into brooding silence.

After a little while Nora began to try to picture for him Barbara's side of the situation, repeating everything her daughter had cried out to her such a short time before. She tried to make him see that it wasn't losing his money or his failure to find a good job that was causing Barbara's unhappiness so much as the way he was letting these things affect him. She talked calmly and sympathetically, trying to build up self-confidence in place of the defeat which was slowly destroying him, trying to quiet his fears about the future, trying to convince him that that future, no matter how poor they might be, would have no terrors for Barbara if only she could be sure that he still loved her.

"If you will just take any job you can get," she urged him, "no matter how small it is, Barbara will know that you are doing everything you can for her and the baby and doing

(*Continued on page* 48)

Your January Face Powder is a "Beauty-Thief" in Summer!

Last winter's powder was right with your fairer winter skin. But as the summer sun deepens the tone of your complexion, don't cover its rich, new summer-time beauty with a pale winter-time powder!

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

(*Continued from page* 46)

it because you love her—and then nothing else will matter. Just anything, Alex!" she cried. "Surely you can find something!"

"Oh, sure I can!" Alex's self-loathing brought tears to Nora's eyes. "I had a job offered to me today. A fine job," he went on savagely. "Driving a milk wagon at eighteen dollars a week. And you certainly don't think we could live on that!"

Nora, recalling the days before Joan was born, when she was caring for Barbara and Dick on no more than that, said positively that they could, but Alex refused to believe that it would be possible. "Barbara would have to do her own housework," he said with finality.

OF COURSE she would," Nora agreed. "That's just what I've been trying to tell you, Alex. Barbara would do anything—wash dishes, scrub floors, anything—and be proud to do it for you and Sandy."

For a moment hope flared in Alex's eyes, then it died out leaving defeat again. "It just wouldn't work, Mother Nora," he said and she saw then that he was hopelessly embittered, resigned to the fact that he was a failure and that the best thing for Barbara would be to leave him and take the baby with her. But even in the face of his resignation she couldn't believe that this was the end of things for them.

"Alex, Alex," she cried, "don't throw away this chance without even trying it. Take the job, try it for just a month. See if you and Barbara can't manage for that long. But don't break Barbara's heart and your own, too, by giving up while you still have a chance."

She turned away then, knowing that she could say no more. Whatever decision Alex made, he would have to make alone, out of his own weakness or his own strength. She felt the same dreadful suspense she had always felt when one of the children was sick and she waited for the doctor's verdict. And when at last Alex said, "All right, Mother Nora, I'll try it if Barbara will," she felt herself go limp with relief.

When Barbara returned a little later she found Nora and Alex talking together as serenely as though this visit of Nora's was a perfectly natural, casual one. She stopped in the doorway, as if unable to believe that this room which had held so much unhappiness, could now hold such peace. It wasn't until Alex pulled her into his arms in the old adoring way that she was able to understand the miracle that Nora had worked, and then she drew her mother close to share in their embrace.

The next few days were the happiest and busiest Nora ever remembered. True to his promise, Alex took the milkman's job and then began the search for a small furnished apartment. Nora drew on her meagre savings to tide them over until Alex received his first salary, and Barbara and Alex then insisted that since she had a financial interest, as well as a personal one, in the success of their plan, she would have to go with them to find a home. So the three of them set out, climbing miles of stairs and dimlit halls until they found one which would do. It wasn't much of an apartment, compared with the Park Avenue duplex they had lived in ever since their marriage, but its two rooms were miraculously clean and sunny and the furniture, though battered, was comfortable.

And as if this new-found happiness of Barbara's and Alex's weren't enough to gladden her heart, there was Joan, who, now that she had found her mother, was determined to spend every possible minute with her. Every minute, that is, she could spare from Michael Windgate. For there was no doubt they were in love with each other, and their romance was an ever-growing joy to Nora. Every word they spoke, every glance they exchanged, showed the depth of their love and strengthened Nora's conviction that they were right for each other. Sometimes she wondered guiltily what Cyril would say if he discovered she was encouraging a love affair he didn't even know existed, but against that guilt was the knowledge that it was she who had persuaded them not to plunge headlong into marriage but to wait until Joan was of age and Michael was earning a little more money.

As the weeks went on she watched Barbara and Alex, too, find themselves again. It was not easy for them. Sometimes, she could tell, the struggle to make both ends meet was heartbreaking; but some seed of determination had taken root in Alex the night Nora had sought him out, and now he refused to be discouraged.

It was in these happy weeks that Nora became, in a sense, reunited with her son. Not that she ever saw him. But between Joan and Dick there was an unusual affection, an understanding greater than that between most brothers and sisters, and thus Joan was able to bring her news of the boy so vivid she could almost imagine he stood before her.

It was Joan who told her of Dick's twenty-first birthday, and of the party his stepmother had given for him in celebration; Joan who revealed excitedly that Cyril's birthday present to his son had been $25,000 in cash. Nora's eyes misted when she heard this last: making Dick independent when he came of age had been one of the things she and Cyril had dreamed of in the old days. She was made absurdly happy by learning that Cyril had not forgotten.

Dick had left the house on Fifth Avenue, Joan told her one day, and had moved into an apartment with another young man, a Stuart Fields. No, it was nothing unexpected, she said, although she seemed oddly troubled. Cyril had thought it would be good for Dick to have a place of his own, learn to live away from the family.

"But—" Joan's voice trailed off, and one finger traced the pattern of the brocade on the couch where she sat. "I don't know, Mother. I thought it was funny when Juliet gave him that birthday party—she's never taken any interest in Dick before. And now—well, this Stuart Fields is a friend of hers, not of Dick's or mine. I don't like him."

A germ of uneasiness stirred in Nora, but she ignored it and laughed. "Dick must, or he wouldn't be sharing an apartment with him," she said. "Besides, what difference does it make if he's a friend of Juliet's?"

"Oh—I don't know," Joan admitted. "It just seems funny, that's all. Stu's so—so Broadway, if you know what I mean. Not the sort of person Dick would pick out for himself."

Nora said indulgently, "Young men, when they're just getting started in the world, pick out all kinds of friends, Joan. They like to think they're sophisticated—in the swim. So I wouldn't worry about Dick."

BUT even Nora was amazed, a few weeks later, when Joan reported that Stuart Fields was persuading Dick to invest five thousand dollars in a prizefighter.

"His name's Patsy Norris and he's never fought here in the East," Joan said rapidly, trying to tell all her story at once. "But Stu says he saw him working—that's what he calls it, 'working'—in San Francisco and he says Patsy's going to be a champion. And for five thousand dollars Dick can buy up his contract and make lots of money. But I think Dick's crazy to listen to him, because Juliet is mixed up in it, too!"

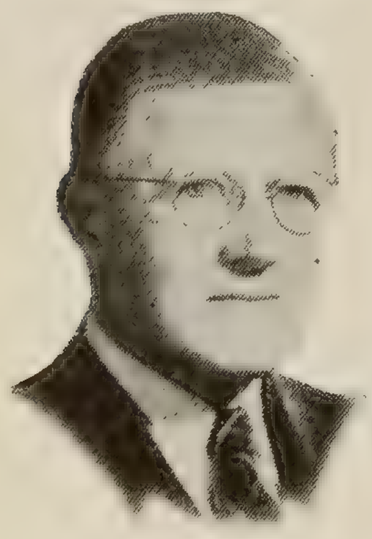
"Joan! Darling, wait a minute," Nora said. "Let me get all this straight. What do you mean, Juliet's mixed up in it?"

"Juliet and Stu and that friend of Stu's—Tiger Kelly, he's another prizefighter—they've all been telling Dick what a sure thing it is, and how much they'd like to buy the contract if they only had the money. And I think they've got Dick just about convinced!"

"Well," Nora said in a tone that sounded unconvincing even to herself, "it's Dick's money, Joan, and Dick's affair."

She did not want to interfere in Dick's life. Already she had been forced by circumstances to break two-thirds of the promise she had made to herself: she was seeing Joan and Barbara. That was good. It brought

(*Continued on page* 52)



Say Hello To—

NORMAN FIELD—the busy Hollywood actor you hear frequently as the family doctor in One Man's Family and as Charlie McCarthy's school principal. Norman came to radio from the stage, where he played in support of May Robson, Florence Reed, Marjorie Rambeau, Edward Everett Horton and others. He has been in pictures, too, but prefers radio, and has done character roles in nearly all the big network programs emanating from Hollywood. He and his wife, actress Mary Gayer Field, live in a lovely home which Norman designed himself, in Monterey Village, San Fernando Valley. He was a leading spirit in the early days of the American Federation of Radio Artists, when his help endeared him to all his fellow actors.

SHE'S FAMOUS_SHE'S BEAUTIFUL

Popular Girls Everywhere take her tip... It's as simple as

1

I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY **LUX SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL.** PAT THE LATHER LIGHTLY IN

2

RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL

3

PAT YOUR SKIN DRY. NOW IT FEELS **SMOOTHER**, SOFTER. LOVELY SKIN WINS ROMANCE!

STAR OF RKO'S "MR. & MRS. SMITH"

CAROLE LOMBARD

This lovely Hollywood favorite shows you how to give skin screen-star care right in your own home! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics—gives skin gentle, *thorough* care it needs. Why don't YOU try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

CLING TO THAT *Summer Tan*

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

Louise King, star of Your Hit Parade, changes her powder with the seasons.

SUMMER is drawing to a close, and girls are coming back from their vacations delightfully tanned. They ought to be looking wonderful, after all the fun and sun. But sometimes the effect is not so good. Wrong shades of powder, carelessly chosen and unskilfully applied, can make the prettiest tan unbecoming. It takes real artistry to keep one's powder looking just right through the weeks of early autumn while the complexion is changing from various shades of tan back to normal.

Louise King has just the kind of artistry it takes to look always as beautiful as she really is. Louise is the star on Your Hit Parade heard on CBS Saturday nights. She began her career when she was thirteen, singing the leading role in a high school operetta. Then and there she made up her mind that she was going right to the top in music. That meant years of hard work when most youngsters are looking only for good times after school. After a sound musical education in her home city, Chicago, she was the vocalist with Jules Alberti's orchestra.

To make a long story short, after many successes in the musical world, Louise King went to Toronto, and became one of the best loved radio singers of Canada. Now we have her back again, and very proud of her we all are.

I wish you could all see her, a tall slim girl whose every movement is grace. Her golden blonde hair is arranged simply to bring out her finely chiseled features. Her make up is so perfect that one never thinks of it. Which means that Louise gave some intelligent thought to selecting just the right shade of powder.

The first thing to consider in selecting your powder says Miss King is the actual coloring of your skin after you have carefully cleansed it with a good cleansing cream followed by soap and water to remove all traces of old cosmetics. Your powder should always be just a shade darker than your skin.

That means that from now on, as your tan wears off, you will be constantly changing your powder.

Next consider your general type—your hair and eyes, whether your skin is mature or youthful, whether there are any blemishes to conceal. Obviously a golden blonde or a redhead will wear warmer tints of powder than, say, an ash blonde or a brownette. And the mature or blemished skin will find the darker powders not so revealing as the delicately tinted ones.

AND now to the question of how to apply your powder. But wait a minute—let me see your powder puff! Is it as dainty as that exquisite powder deserves? You will never get that petal-soft look good powder gives the face if you are going to dab it on with an old puff that you have used for some other powder. Puffs get discolored with traces of cosmetics. They should be changed frequently, or washed.

If you cannot remember to keep on hand a fresh puff devoted to each shade of powder, there are always the little cotton pads which have so many uses in beauty care.

Take a fresh puff or pad, and apply your powder to lower cheeks and chin first. Of all things, do not begin with that too-much-powdered nose! The nose comes last. Work upwards. And finally, remember that you have a neck. Powder from dress line to hair line, if you want a natural effect.

Next, the powder brush. That is important. I promise you it is not a mere gadget. A good powder brush lasts for years, with frequent washings. It makes all the difference in the world. Having patted on your powder generously, you brush up and out, clearing the lines of brow, mouth and nose of any excess. Now the dry rouge, blending skilfully with the powder. Powder again, and again use the powder brush.

There you are, with a lovely flower-petal complexion. The right color lipstick, mascara for the lashes, and mascara or pencil for the brows, and out you go, ready to be admired.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

Off to ask a personal question. These girls are all professional investigators. Between May 23rd and June 9th of this year, they conducted a softness test in Erie, Pa. Over a thousand women made the test. They were asked to feel two napkins—and say which was softer. One was a leading brand of "layer-type" napkin. The other was Modess, a "fluff-type" napkin. All these women were users of the "layer-type" napkin. Yet 870 out of 1036 said, "Modess is softer"!

These Girls Ask Questions for a Living!

In Erie, Pa., they found that 870 out of 1036 users of another napkin said, "Modess is softer!"

They didn't know which was which. Women making the test had no way of knowing which napkin they were voting for. All identifying marks were completely concealed. The investigator simply asked each woman to feel both napkins and say which was softer. And Modess won—870 to 166!

Investigator Arlene Larson relaxes while checking her reports. They so overwhelmingly favored Modess that each investigator was asked to sign an affidavit swearing her report was accurate and that she had conducted each test in an impartial manner. The investigators themselves didn't know who sponsored the test.

Astonishing figures. When the results were added up, 870 out of the 1036 "layer-type" users had said, after feeling both napkins, that the "fluff-type" napkin (Modess) was softer! Isn't it amazing that women could go on using one type of napkin without realizing that another and newer type might be softer?

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? That is something you can answer only by actually *trying* Modess. Buy a box of Modess today. Learn for yourself if it gives you the same comfort that has won millions of loyal users. You can buy Modess in the regular size, or Junior Modess—a slightly narrower napkin—at your favorite store.

Modess

870 OUT OF 1036 ERIE, PA. WOMEN SAID—"IT'S SOFTER!"

(*Continued from page* 48)

her great happiness to make them, once more, part of herself. But Dick was different. He was a boy—a man, really—and he would soon be taking his place beside Cyril in the Worthington firm. It was desperately important that no influence should come between him and his father.

Her thoughts turned suddenly aside. Why was she trying to fool herself? There was another reason why she did not want to interfere in this matter—a very personal reason. It was simply that interference would be one more step along the path she had set out upon the night she first visited Barbara and Alex in their tenement apartment—that path which led directly and inexorably to another meeting with Cyril Worthington. And her soul turned sick at the thought of such a meeting.

Say Hello To—

EDA HEINEMANN—who plays Doctor Molly on CBS' Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne serial. Eda was christened Ida when she was born in Yokohama, Japan, but when she grew up she disliked the pronunciation of the long I and changed the first letter to E. Her family moved to New York when Eda was still a baby, and she studied in New York schools and went to Smith College. Her college degree has frequently come in handy when stage jobs weren't available, making it possible for her to teach at Wellesley, Vassar, Western Reserve and Lake Erie College. She's also coached Katharine Cornell in Latin. Right now, besides acting on the air, Eda is a featured player in the Broadway stage success, "Watch on the Rhine."

But there was something so strange about this business of the prizefighter, Patsy Norris! Try as she would, she could not see it as merely a financial transaction which might or might not be ill-advised. An instinct too deep for logic told her it was more important than that.

At last, hardly knowing why she did so, she asked Gregory Pearson, her employer, to make inquiries through his Pacific Coast office about Patsy Norris. And when, after twenty-four hours, the telegraphed answer arrived, saying that there was no record whatever of a fighter of that name, she could hardly be surprised. It was as if she had known all along there was fraud here—deliberate, cheap fraud.

IN HER own room, she stood at the window, staring unseeingly at the scarlet-leaved trees below. She knew what she must do now, well enough. It was quite plain. Stuart Fields was Juliet Worthington's friend; Juliet had helped him in urging Dick to invest money in a non-existent fighter. Then she, too, must be implicated in the fraud—though for what reason, Nora could not imagine. It was hard to believe that Cyril Worthington's wife needed money so badly she would steal it from an inexperienced boy.

Moving wearily, she put on coat and hat, picked up her bag and went downstairs and out into the street. To the driver of the cab that answered her hail she gave the address of Cyril Worthington's house.

When she entered the house where she had never been before she felt as though she were seeing for the first time in reality something she had seen again and again in dreams—the long panelled hall with its massive staircase curving at the end, the tall double doors on each side, the whole scene of heavy, ostentatious wealth—it was all exactly what she would have expected. Then she was facing Cyril in the library and memory flooded her. Not memory alone, either, but some other emotion which had nothing to do with memory, and emotion which had not existed in Nora Kelly Worthington but was born now in Nora Knight.

For this man who had been her husband for twenty-five years, had become a stranger to her. The face which once had been more familiar to her than her own, which once was dearer to her than any face in the world—she felt now as if she had never seen it before. And seeing Cyril as a stranger, Nora knew that for the first time she was seeing him as he really was. What in his young features she had recognized as confidence and determination, age had turned into arrogance and greed. Strangely, she did not hate him, although he had hurt her so. Desolately, she could only pity him for his short-comings.

CYRIL—" she began, and stopped, for a slim figure in a white hostess gown had risen from a deep chair near Cyril's desk. It was Juliet, her sleek curving body taut with the same hostility that flashed from her amber eyes.

"Well, Nora, how are you?" the younger woman said insolently. "Since Cyril seems to be too overcome to say hello to you himself."

"I'm well," Nora said levelly. "I came to talk to Cyril about Dick." There, she thought, is Juliet's cue. She may stay or not, as she likes.

But while she waited, Juliet made no move to go. Only a spark flared and died in her eyes. It might have been fear; it might have been no more than wariness.

"Dick?" Cyril said in a husky, surprised voice. "What about him? Have you been seeing him?"

"No—though perhaps I should have. He's being swindled by Stuart Fields."

"Swindled. . . ?" he repeated dazedly, and then turned to Juliet. "Why, Fields is a friend of yours, isn't he?"

It seemed to Nora that he was asking the question only in defense of Fields, as if to say that if he were a friend of Juliet's he could not be guilty of swindling. But Juliet read his tone differently, and she answered as if it had been an accusation.

"Well, what if he is? I don't know everything he's doing," she said truculently. "Besides, I don't believe it."

"He wants Dick to invest five thousand dollars in a prizefighter that doesn't even exist," Nora said quietly. "I investigated, and got this telegram an hour ago." She held the slip of paper out to Cyril, watched the dark blood of anger mount into his lean cheeks as he read it.

"The young idiot!" he muttered. "Juliet, you've been seeing a good deal of Dick. Do you know anything about this?"

"Oh—I don't know," she said impatiently. "Maybe—something or other was said about a fighter out on the Pacific Coast—"

Cyril's hand went out to the telephone. "I'm going to talk to Fields about this right now," he said grimly.

"No!"

The single word was almost a scream—forced out of Juliet by terror. At once she recovered herself, but Cyril's eyes had narrowed.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Let me talk to him—I'll fix it all up. There's no reason you should be bothered with all this nonsense. It's probably just a misunderstanding—"

Her voice trailed off. Into the silence Cyril's words dropped like stones.

"Why don't you want me to talk to Fields? What are you afraid of?"

Juliet expelled her breath in a hissing sound. "I'll tell you myself," she said. "It'll be a relief to tell you! I'm sick of pretending—pretending to love you, pretending to be the dutiful wife, when all the time I've hated the sight of you!"

SHE LEANED forward, hands clutching the edge of the desk, eyes staring, spitting hatred into his face like some enraged jungle animal. Cyril shrank back as if her fury were something physical.

"For months I've been in love with Tiger Kelly—meeting him when you thought I was out shopping. Stu found out about it and threatened to tell you if I didn't give him money. For a while I did, but then you gave Dick that twenty-five thousand and I couldn't see why I should go on shelling out to Stu when he could get it from Dick. So we cooked up the prizefighter scheme together. Yes, together! And we'd have got away with it, too, if your precious Nora hadn't interfered!"

"Juliet . . . Juliet . . ." Cyril's voice was high, fretful, like that of an old man, and Nora realized that in unconscious sympathy she had drawn close to him, laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Juliet!" the girl mimicked venomously. "Thank God it's over now. I'm through with you. Tiger's making plenty of money and he's been trying to talk me into going to Reno. And I'm going. I haven't anything to lose now."

Cyril put out one hand in a wordless effort to stop her. But she ignored the gesture. Her clicking heels carried her swiftly out of the room.

When the sound of her footsteps had died away Cyril slowly raised his head. His arrogance was gone now and his face seemed drawn, his body shrunken as from long illness. He seemed completely unaware of Nora and at last she turned away, unable any longer to bear the sight of his pain-glazed eyes, the tortured, noiseless way his lips kept repeating Juliet's name.

Her sudden movement, slight though it was, roused him and he said,

as though compelling himself to remember something out of a long dead past, "You needn't worry about Dick, Nora—needn't worry about him any more. I'll take care of everything."

"Thank you, Cyril." She started to leave then, but he stopped her.

"You've been seeing the children, haven't you?"

"Barbara and Joan," she answered gently. "They seemed to need me—Barbara especially."

"I should have realized that, when Barbara refused to come home, and when Joan told me how Alex had pulled himself together. I've been thinking of giving him a job in the office. He and Dick could start in together."

His voice held a wistful note as though he were conscious not only of his previous neglect of his family but also of the fact that with Juliet gone he would need their companionship, and he looked at Nora, pleading silently for her sympathy. But before she could answer, there came the unmistakable click of Juliet's heels on the staircase, and instantly he was again oblivious of Nora's presence. He leaned forward in his chair, his eyes no longer dull but alight with hope. The footsteps continued determinedly across the hall. Then came the soft faint thud that meant the closing of the outer door and a moment later the roar of a taxi getting under way. And then, for the second time that evening, Nora saw Cyril crumple under defeat.

SHE saw too, as she had seen but a few minutes before, his unspoken appeal for sympathy, for encouragement to bear the loneliness that lay ahead of him. She felt a sharp stab of compassion . . . but the past was past. Cyril must fight his loneliness without her help.

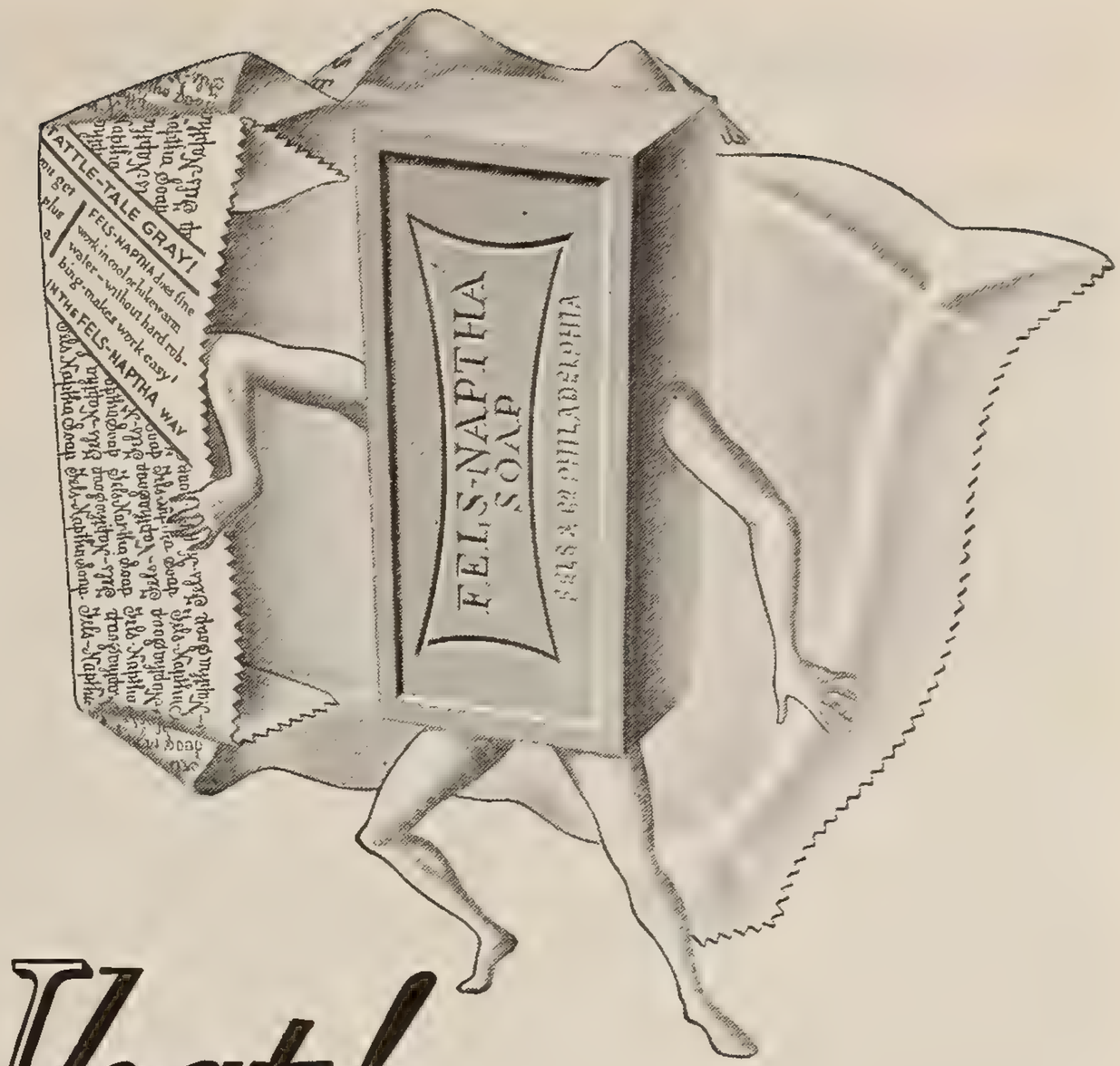
She was walking slowly, thoughtfully down the outer steps of the house when a taxi drew up and a tall young man jumped out. She caught her breath sharply—knowing that it must be Dick, unable to believe that it was really he, so long-legged, so vital and decisive in his movements, with all the adolescent coltishness she remembered gone. She stepped back swiftly, but the brightly lighted avenue offered no concealing shadows, so she stood where she was, waiting for the sharp, sweet pain of the moment when Dick would turn and face her.

"Mother!" His shout must have roused the neighborhood, but it was glorious music to Nora. Half laughing, half crying, she held out her arms.

When at last he released her it was only to pull her down onto the steps beside him where, completely unconscious of the stares of passersby, they sat engrossed in talk—the kind of talk Nora had known so many times in her thoughts, but not, for so long a time now, in reality. And when, long after midnight, she rose to go, she had told him about the scheme Stuart Fields and Juliet had prepared to swindle him; and quieted his first anger and chagrin and let him see that to her the episode was nothing for him to be ashamed of.

"You were trying to be a good business man, and the best business men often get fooled," she told him. "Just forget it, Dick, forget all about it, and move back here with your father."

He nodded, and then brightened at a sudden idea. "No—I've a better idea, now that I've found you again. Why don't we get a place where we



What!

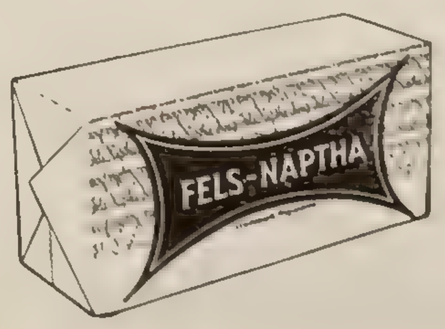
NO DISHES?

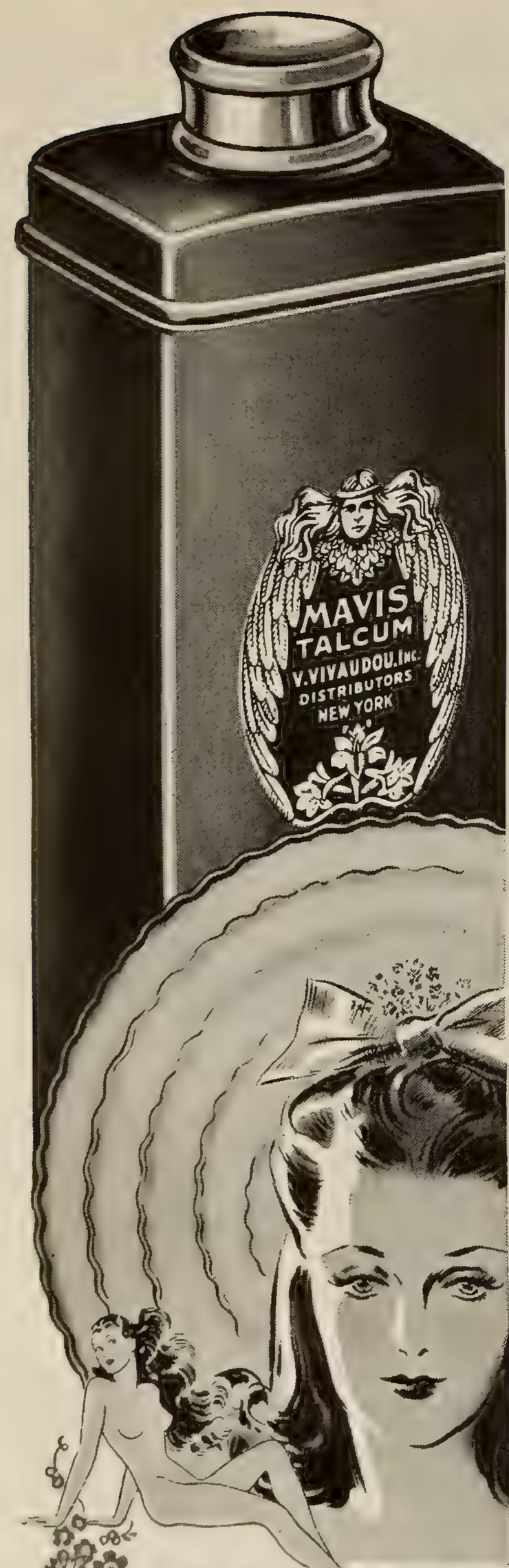
You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—*nothing*. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

Most Fels-Naptha Users feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy*. They don't want any other *extras* "thrown in."

As one woman aptly puts it, *"the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."*





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In White, Flesh and BODITAN (Rachel) Shades. 75¢, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢.

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can live together? Joan could come too, if she wants to. She doesn't," he added thoughtfully, "like things around here any better than I do."

An apartment, with Joan and Dick, free to be with her all the time! Nothing in the world could bring her greater happiness than that. But the memory of Cyril, broken, lonely, rose up in her mind. She shook her head.

"No, Dick. You and Joan must stay with your father. He needs you, now that Juliet is gone." She started away, but Dick pulled her back. "Please, Dick," she urged. "I'll see you tomorrow—but please go to your father now." And not daring to look again at him for fear she would give in and let him come with her, she raced across the sidewalk and hurriedly got into a taxi parked at the corner.

WINTER closed in, bringing with it snow and bitter cold, but in Nora's heart there was no more bitterness, only joy and contentment. For now Dick, as well as Joan, was visiting her almost every day. For the first time, she was free to accompany them on excursions about the city; she had always refused to go out with Joan or Barbara, afraid that they might run into Cyril or Juliet. Now, though, there were shopping trips, matinees, concerts, art galleries—even tea in a little Chinese restaurant which had been Joan's and Dick's favorite treat when they were children—a hundred delightful moments which were delightful only because they were shared with the children.

Sometimes Penelope went with them, and in the evening Michael was usually one of the party. Occasionally Barbara and Alex asked all of them to their apartment and these were the hours which were dearest of all to Nora. There in front of the tiny fireplace with all the children gathered around her and her tiny grandson asleep in the adjoining room, Nora could feel that sense of completeness, of fulfillment which she had dreamed of.

Surprisingly, too, Cyril was a frequent addition to these little family meetings. Soon after Juliet's departure, he had, as he had suggested to Nora, taken Alex into his office, and following this he began to visit their apartment, and at first Nora saw him only when their visits to Barbara happened to overlap. Not long after that he began to join Joan or Dick on their calls to see their mother, and before long the children, if not Nora herself, began including him in their plans quite as a matter of course.

After her first embarrassment at seeing him had worn off, Nora never begrudged his presence. She might have argued, and quite justly, that since she had left the children to his care at an earlier day, he should leave her free now to enjoy their association alone, but her heart was too filled with happiness to want to deny happiness to him. After all, he was lonely; lonelier than he had ever been in his life, lonelier, she knew with sure instinct, than she had been when she was separated from the children. She had had pleasant memories for consolation; Cyril's memories must be only bitter ones.

Not that Cyril ever mentioned his loneliness. On the contrary, ever since he had received a brief note from Juliet's lawyer telling him that she had established residence in Reno, he had been building up the belief that he was glad she was gone. Nora saw this and saw in his words an effort to hide the desolation which was swamping him and which he would not admit even to himself, but she never let him suspect that she knew the truth.

She gradually found herself slipping into a strange routine, made up of many contradictory factors. She was still, of course, Penelope's governess and overseer of the Pearson household, but in addition she was part time mother to her own children and she found to her dismay that she was beginning to play an increasingly important part in her former husband's life.

She didn't know how important a part, until a night about a week before Juliet's divorce was to be granted. Cyril asked her to have dinner with him and although Nora avoided, as much as she could, seeing him unless one of the children was present, she couldn't on the spur of the moment think of a plausible excuse for declining.

ALL DURING the early part of the evening she was aware, by countless small thoughtful attentions he paid her, that there was something of importance on his mind. They went to a small restaurant in the East Fifties. It wasn't smart or showy but the food was superb and they had dined there frequently in the past—not so frequently that returning brought up unhappy memories but frequently enough for her to be sure that he recalled her liking for the place and was trying to please her by taking her there now.

He had ordered dinner in advance, remembering the dishes she preferred. During dinner his conversation was such a blend of entertaining impersonalities and tender reminiscence that Nora was both touched by his efforts to make her happy and consumed by curiosity as to what they

Say Hello To—

EDWARD J. HERLIHY—whose pleasant voice you hear announcing the Pepper Young's Family programs. Ed wanted to be an actor, but after earning a living as a newsboy, gardener, salesman, soda clerk, railroad section hand and life guard, he entered radio as an announcer and decided to stick there. One of his early assignments at NBC was to interview an old lady who lived in the Bronx. Ed took a taxicab to the address, which proved to be a vacant lot. He wandered around in the rain, searching for the right place, until long after program-time. It was only later that he learned the interview was supposed to take place in the NBC studios. Ed is athletic and likes to cook, scrambled eggs being his specialty.

were leading up to.

But it wasn't until they had finished eating that there was an answer to her questions, for it wasn't until then, while they sat with coffee before them, that he astounded her by asking her to marry him after Juliet secured her divorce.

"I've been thinking things over, Nora," he said, "and I know that I made a mistake in marrying Juliet, in ever asking you for a divorce. And I want you to marry me when I am free again."

Shocked indignation overwhelmed her. She wouldn't marry him again—she couldn't—it was outrageous for him to assume that she might even think of it. And then, to her surprise, she found that she *was* thinking of it—and very seriously. Thinking what it would mean to have her own home, and her children in that home. Thinking of the children and wondering whether remarriage might be best for them, whether she ought to consider it for their sake. Muddled, disordered, hurried thinking—but when at last she spoke, instead of refusing him as at first she had intended to do, she said slowly, "I don't know, Cyril. It's too big a question to decide at once. I'll have to wait until tomorrow to give you an answer."

SHE COULD see that Cyril was surprised and annoyed, but he answered with what for him was great patience, "Very well, Nora. Think it over, of course, if you feel that you need to."

Thinking it over, Nora reflected hours later as she lay in bed and stared into the darkness above her, was a longer, more difficult process than she had expected it to be. She had believed that her decision to give Cyril a divorce and the later decision to leave the children to his care involved more problems than she could ever solve; now she was beginning to realize that the prospect of remarrying him involved just as many and just as complicated factors.

First there was the question whether a marriage that once has been broken can ever be put together again satisfactorily. It wouldn't be the same as it had been in the beginning of course—she and Cyril had traveled too far on their separate paths for her to have any illusions about that. Then they had had youth and love and understanding. Now they were older. But surely, she reasoned, age must have brought them wisdom and tolerance; perhaps these would be as good a basis for marriage, now that they were in their fifties, as youthful love had been for that earlier marriage.

But if their youthful love hadn't held their first marriage together, was there any chance that even tolerance and wisdom could hold a second one fast? She remembered what Cyril had said; that he knew he had made a mistake in asking for divorce. That admission certainly must mean that he was sorry for the mistake and would make every effort in his power to make a second marriage a success.

There crept into her mind the possibility that perhaps Cyril had asked her to marry him out of a selfish desire to escape the loneliness of the past few weeks. Well, she couldn't find it in her heart to criticize him too harshly for that. No one knew better than she the devastating misery of loneliness; the even more devastating misery of knowing that that loneliness will never end. Yes, if Cyril

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PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

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FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Free offer—to make your own test!

Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer. Print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. 5-D, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men too.

"To think these darling HANDS are mine!"

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FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

was reaching out for companionship that would comfort his middle age, Nora could sympathize for she, too, would be glad of companionship—glad to offer it as well as receive it.

There were practical questions to be considered too; financial security instead of working for her own living. And there was the luxury of having her own home. The Pearson household had been a heaven-sent refuge to Nora and in it she had found peace and a measure of happiness, but no woman can ever be completely content in somebody else's house with somebody else's child—even as sweet a child as Penelope—after she has once known the joy of her own home and her own children.

The children. In the final analysis they were the ones—the only ones—who counted. It was their welfare and happiness she had to consider now, just as she had in the past. The arguments which had been whirling through her mind ever since dinner time were unimportant, meaningless beside the vital question: Would remarriage be best for the children?

That question was still unanswered when dawn drove the blackness out of her room and filled it with soft gray light. At times she was ready to believe that a reunited home was the best, the only thing for them—then there would be the uneasy doubt that perhaps this was only wishful thinking. She had told Cyril that she couldn't give him an answer at once; now she began to feel that she could never give him one. The children would have to decide for her—she couldn't decide alone!

AS SOON as she finished breakfast next morning, she telephoned Barbara then Dick and Joan. She didn't tell them what was in her mind, but asked them to come to see her that afternoon.

They came trooping in shortly after lunch. Joan and Dick had stopped to pick up Barbara and Baby Sandy, who rode in, very gaily, on his young uncle's shoulder. Nora lifted him into her own arms, and led the way to her room where they could talk without interruption.

And then, quite simply, she told them that their father had asked her to marry him again.

Their responses were instantaneous and, Nora smiled inwardly, quite characteristic: Joan's rapturous, "Oh, Mother, that will be wonderful—we'll all be together again," Dick's: "Good for him! What did you say?" and Barbara's wiser, maturer, "Could you marry him again, after everything that's happened?"

When their first excitement died down, Nora explained why she had asked them to meet her. She told them the questions that had occurred to her and that the problem was too much for her to decide alone. "Since your futures, maybe even more than mine, will be affected," she concluded, "I think the decision should be up to you. I'll do anything you decide."

At last they reached a decision, reached it after a long and animated discussion, during which Nora sat quietly by, smiling over Baby Sandy's fuzzy hair at the three who sat in a little ring on the floor at her feet. Whether it was based on their own hopes and desires, on their realization of their father's loneliness or on their understanding that their mother's need for security was as great as their own, it wasn't quite clear, but the de-

cision was unanimous. They wanted their parents to marry again.

Nora had told Cyril that she would give him his answer at his home that afternoon, and as soon as the children left she went back to her room to dress. It was silly, she told herself, for her cheeks to be so pink, her eyes so bright; foolish for her heart to be singing within her as it was singing, and utterly absurd for her to stand so long in front of her mirror, making sure that her smart gray hat was tilted at its most becoming angle.

All the way up Fifth Avenue in the taxi she tried to convince herself that her excitement was only relief from the long hours of doubt and questioning, but by the time she reached the house she knew this wasn't the case at all. She would have accepted the children's wish if they had decided the other way, but that other decision would have never brought her this sharp, sweet happiness, that filled her now.

The servant who opened the door was strange to her and for a moment she thought he was being stupid or inefficient when he told her that Cyril wasn't at home. But the man was positive. Mr. Worthington had left early in the morning by plane on a business trip.

NORA'S bright confidence melted, leaving her more angry than she had been in years. This was monstrous of Cyril, really inexcusable. No matter what business had called him out of town he should have gotten in touch with her somehow, even if it was only a hurried telegram from the airport. He should have known how hurt she would be; should have prevented that hurt, not left her to arrive at his house and stand in his hallway like a beggar.

"Would you care to leave a message?" the man servant asked.

"No—yes—no—" what kind of message *could* a woman leave her former husband in such a situation as this?—From somewhere back in the house a telephone bell rang. "That might be a message for me from Mr. Worthington," Nora said relievedly and the man bowed and disappeared down the hall.

Left alone, Nora stood with her forehead wrinkled in thought, looking about the hall. The servants were slack, she noted. The hall needed dusting and there were even papers scattered on the floor. It was her instinct for tidiness which prompted her to pick them up—a yellow envelope, torn across one end, and the telegram it had contained. And it was a subconscious wish to find some clue to Cyril's unaccountable absence which made her read the message. It had been sent from Reno the night before and it said simply: "All right, come ahead if you want to, but you'd better make it soon and you'd better make it worth my while." The insolence of the words would have told Nora who sent it, even without the name "Juliet" which appeared at the end.

Waves of faintness, of stunned disbelief, of humiliation greater than she had ever known, swept over her. How long she stood there with the telegram in one hand while the other clung to a supporting chair, she never could remember. But the waves receded at last and she could stand proudly erect without the need of support; and when the servant returned she was able to leave as casually as though she were an ordinary caller and this an ordinary

"and your little satin-smooth FACE is mine to kiss!"

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call; as casually as though the telegram were not almost cutting through her purse where she had thrust it after those waves of misery had disappeared.

They came back to overwhelm her again, though, as soon as she had left the house, so that she walked, half dazed, all the way home, pushing herself blindly through crowds of hurrying shoppers, past large gay signs which announced that there were only five more shopping days until Christmas, until at last she reached the sanctuary of her own room.

And there alone she gave way to the heartbreak within her. It was more like physical pain than any emotion she had ever known. Her pride, her dignity had been wounded by divorce; she had endured almost unbearable unhappiness when she was separated from the children, but never before had she known such shame, such self-contempt as she could feel now burning into her very soul.

She should have known, she realized now when it was too late, that Cyril hadn't changed; that he would never change. He was dominated by arrogance and greed—strange that she had never known that until so late and that she should have forgotten it so quickly—and he would go to any lengths to get what he wanted.

"I want you to marry me, Nora," he had said last night. But he hadn't really wanted her to. It was Juliet he wanted, as he had from the beginning; he had wanted her so badly that even while he was asking Nora to marry him he must have been hoping, praying that Juliet would let him come to her as he had been begging her to. For he had been begging, Nora told herself wearily. There was no escaping the fact that Juliet's message was an answer—a grudging, scornful answer—to his pleas of reconciliation.

MERCIFULLY, the children had expected her to have dinner with Cyril so none of them telephoned her that evening. Mercifully, too, for Nora, that by morning Penelope had developed a cold which kept her in bed, for it gave Nora an excuse, when first Joan, then Barbara, and Dick, telephoned her to have the maid tell them that she was taking care of Penelope and couldn't be disturbed. For she couldn't talk to them; she couldn't admit, even to her own children, the shame and bitterness that filled her, couldn't even let herself think how their sympathy might ease her sorrow.

Dick and Joan would have discovered by this time that their father was not at home, that he had gone away without waiting for her answer. They and Barbara as well would be frantic with worry. They were entitled to some explanation, but she couldn't give it to them. Cyril could do that when he returned, bringing Juliet with him.

All that Saturday and Sunday she kept close to Penelope's room, thankful that her duties provided an effective barrier against the children's inquiries. They forced her, too, to shove her own misery into the back of her mind, where it lay like a heavy, ugly stone, ready to roll back and crush her again.

On Monday, two days before Christmas, Cyril came to see her. If she had been upstairs when he arrived she would have sent word that she couldn't see him, but unfortunately she was crossing the hall when he was admitted, so there was nothing to do but ask him into the library.

He was decidedly ill at ease and he began at once to apologize for not meeting her at the house as they had planned. Business had called him out of town, he explained without meeting her eyes, and there had been no time even to leave her a message. "My plane got in just half an hour ago, Nora," he added, "and I came here straight from the airport, so you can see how anxious I am to have your answer."

So Juliet had refused him after all. And after he had gone crying to Juliet for reconciliation and had been refused, he could come back to her and pretend that everything was all right; could expect her to marry him—for he did expect it, his self assurance made that very plain. Would anything ever destroy his smug assurance, his effrontery? If she were to turn on him now, lash out at him with hysterical fury . . . But it wasn't hysterics she wanted, but to thrust Cyril out of her life forever, and she wanted him to know exactly why she was doing it, but she could do that without dramatics.

She said quietly, "Juliet refused you again."

For a moment sheer amazement held him speechless, then he began to bluster. Yes, he admitted, he had gone to Reno. Something had come up about the divorce. "I didn't want you to know, Nora," he sounded almost convincing, "because I was afraid it might upset you. But it's all taken care of now. Juliet will get her decree and we can be married as soon after that as you want to."

"But I don't want to, Cyril," she went on in that same quiet voice. "That's the answer I have for you. I don't want to marry you."

"Nora!" The word held disbelief. Then he said reproachfully, "You know how I hoped—"

"Exactly!" Nora broke in with finality. "I know you hoped that Juliet would come back to you, when you went to her in Reno." He started to speak then, but she shook her head. "There's no use pretending any more, Cyril. I read Juliet's telegram. I know now that it would always be the same. You would run to her whenever she called you—and you would live in hope that she would call."

And against Nora's knowledge of the truth about him, against his own knowledge of this truth, he had no argument. Just as he had been transformed, the night Juliet left for Reno, into old age, he was transformed again by this knowledge of himself, and it was with the steps of an old man that he walked out of the house.

NORA tried to forget the unpleasant scene by throwing herself, the next day, into Penelope's Christmas plans. Now that she was well again, there were last minute shopping and gift wrapping to delight her 12-year-old heart, and in all of it Nora had to share. And with Penelope's unconscious help Nora managed to get through the dreary day, putting out of her mind the realization that it was Christmas Eve and she had not heard from the children. Then, late at night, there came the miracle of Barbara's telephone call and Barbara's voice crying, "Mother, please come to dinner tomorrow. Alex and I want you with us."

"Alex and I want you," Barbara had

said. No word of Joan or of Dick. Perhaps they didn't want her. Perhaps it was only Barbara, with her more mature understanding, who sensed her mother's loneliness and wanted to ease it.

But when she reached their apartment on Christmas day, they were all there. Dick and Joan and Michael. And Cyril was there too. That was the incredible thing—that Cyril should be there as though this were an ordinary Christmas, as though they had spent every Christmas with the children and would continue to spend them together world without end. Well, if he could pretend that that was the way it was, so could Nora—for a few hours at least. And she would enjoy those hours—there would be no pretense about that. No matter what the past had held, no matter what the future might bring she was with the children she loved and nothing could spoil that joy.

IT was Cyril who brought up the past. They had finished dinner, a delicious, beautifully managed dinner in spite of the fact that it was Barbara's first attempt at a meal of such proportions, and were sipping the fine old brandy which was Cyril's own contribution to the meal when he rose to his feet and asked permission to speak. Nora tensed with alarm, then quickly stifled it. The day had been so pleasant; surely Cyril wouldn't do or say anything to spoil things now.

As if he had been reading her mind he smiled at her half in assurance, half in pleading, then speaking to the entire group gathered around the table he said, "I can't tell you how much it has meant to me, having all of you around me again, as a family, as you used to be on Christmas Day. We had many Christmases like this when you children were little and I know how happy you were then, as your mother and I were." He paused, then went on as though he was finding speech difficult. "I know too that the past few Christmases, the past few years, instead of being happy have been sad ones for all of you—for your mother especially—and I want you all to know," his eyes traveled slowly around the table, "that I realize now that all the sadness of the past was my fault."

Nora felt a quick sting of tears against her eyelids. She knew what it must be costing him to make this admission and she couldn't keep down a sharp feeling of compassion for him.

"I made a mistake," he went on, "in asking your mother for a divorce. I'm sorry for that now and you can be sure, all of you, that in the future I'm going to do everything in my power to make up for that mistake." He smiled a little wryly. "I tried to make up for it by asking her to marry me again, but she refused—and I can understand very well why she might feel that marrying me again, after all that had happened, was impossible."

For a moment, then, their eyes met and in that moment Nora knew many things. That he was genuinely, as he had said, sorry for the past; that he was sincere in his intention to try to make up for it. She knew too that he had never told the children the real reason for her refusal to marry him and that he was relying on her never to tell them, and her answering glance promised that she would keep silent forever.

When he spoke again, after the silent message their eyes had exchanged, he was more confident, more at ease.

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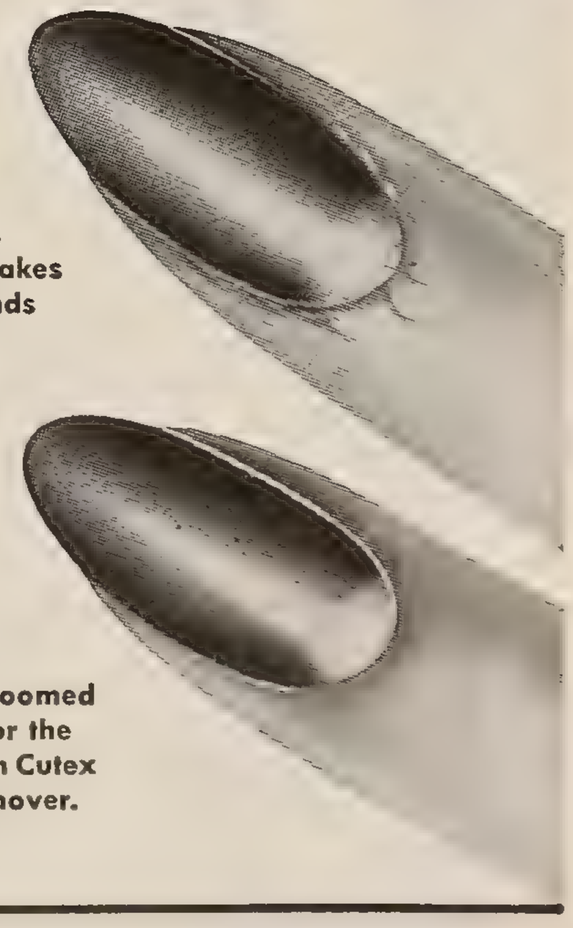

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"I don't know what your mother plans for the future," he said then, "but I want all of you to know—and Nora too—that whatever she wants she will have. Financial independence, of course. A home of her own where she can see you whenever she wishes. And if she should want to see me too—well, I don't have to tell you how happy that would make me."

She felt his eyes on her again, and she knew they held a new plea for forgiveness. Involuntarily the old question rose in her mind: For the sake of the children could they, even now, put their marriage together again?

She looked at the children—and then suddenly she realized that they weren't children any longer. They were grown, now. Barbara, here in her own home with her husband and her baby; Joan, who couldn't—and didn't even try to—keep from admiring the engagement ring Michael had placed on her finger on Christmas eve; Joan soon would be making a home for Michael. And Dick—it would be only a few years at the most until he too would move into a new independent life of his own.

They would always need her love and understanding, and they would always have that. But they didn't, and would never again, need the additional assurance that she was their father's wife living in their father's house; they didn't even need to know why she wasn't.

Cyril had said that the future should be as she wanted it, and now she knew what that future was to be: She would have her children close to her, not dependent on her as little children are, but free to enjoy their grown-up problems and interests as any other mother of grown children would.

As for Cyril—a rather bitter little smile touched her lips. A moment ago she had been telling herself that he was sincerely sorry for the mistakes he had made in the past. And that was no doubt true. But this was also true: Cyril was so plausible that he could fool himself as easily—perhaps more easily—than he could fool her. He would never change, really, although at times such as this he might wish to. The best relationship she and he could have must be a kind of armed truce. She must not allow herself to be led into making herself vulnerable again to his arrogance, his thoughtless cruelty and selfishness.

With that understanding, she was able to smile across the room at him quite calmly.

Home of the Brave

(*Continued from page* 37)

that ain't all. I never told you about myself. I got to tell you, and then if you want to kick me out o' New Chance, I'll go . . . I was runnin' away from the cops the night you found me in Frisco. I'd—I'd just killed my father."

Joe took his pipe from his mouth and knocked it out against the step. "Better tell me how it happened, Casino," he suggested.

"I hated him!" she said. "I'd always hated him, and been scared o' him. I don't even know if he was my father. He always said he was, and I don't remember no other. He used to make me beg and steal and—and that last night he tried to make me do—somethin' worse. I said I wouldn't, and he started in to lick me. I went about crazy, I was so mad and scared, too. There was a big heavy iron pot on the stove and I picked it up and banged him over the head with it. It—it killed him. And when you brought me up here I was willin' to come just because I knew the cops was after me. But now—"

"Yes?" he prompted.

WELL—I can't stay here and let 'em find me here. It'd get you—and New Chance — into trouble, wouldn't it?"

Joe's big arm went out to encircle her shoulders. "Casino," he said, "I'm glad you told me this. I been waitin', hopin' you would talk about yourself without me havin' to ask. But you didn't kill your father."

She twitched convulsively under his grasp. "But I did! He fell down, and I tried to bring him to, but I couldn't!"

"No," he insisted, in the same quiet way. "You couldn't have killed him, because he was found drowned just the other day, in the Bay. I got a friend there in Frisco; before we left I told him to ask around about a girl named Casino. I wanted to find out about you—not because I was pokin' into your business, but I thought maybe I could help you. And yesterday mornin' I got a letter from him, tellin' me who your father was, and how he'd been fished out o' the Bay, dead. So you see you couldn't of killed him, because he was seen walkin' around after we left Frisco."

She was shaking her head as if she couldn't understand his words. "Pa dead!" she whispered. "And I didn't kill him! Why—why, it's like bein' born all over! Then I can stay here?"

"Yes, if you want to. Because nobody but you and me knows about the fight you had with him."

"Nobody—"

"Casino!" Doc's voice was sharp from the bedroom.

She sprang to her feet with the lightness of a bird and was gone. Joe sat there, musing, while the moon sailed overhead to the peak of the sky. It was then that he heard a tiny, thin cry from the cabin, and he got up and went inside.

Casino came out of the bedroom, carrying a blanket-wrapped bundle. To a frantic Neil, she said, "Doc's still with Lois. He said to tell you she's fine, and you can see her in a minute. Right now—well, maybe you'd like to see your son."

Unnoticed in the background, Joe watched Neil peering, awestruck, at his first-born. Then Casino raised her head, and he met her eyes. Over Neil's bent head they gazed at each other steadily, and Joe saw something in her face that had never been there before—a tender, inner sweetness.

She smiled, and he was reminded of the first startling loveliness of dawn light striking a distant peak.

"Oh, Joe," she said, "isn't—isn't it wonderful?"

Casino was becoming a woman.

Listen to the further exciting adventures of Casino, Joe, and the other gallant people of New Chance on Home of the Brave, Monday through Friday on NBC-Red, 5:00 P.M., E.D.T.

If You Were Mrs. Ralph Edwards

(*Continued from page* 31)

remains in the living room. Barbara has substituted her own rug, a handsome new break front, antique end tables and lamps on either side of the divan, and a coffee table made by her grandfather.

But when you step into the sitting room, you see on one side the very practical day bed and radio that belonged to the boys—and on the other side the dainty drop leaf table, the rocking chair that any man would feel a perfect fool to sit in, and a Steuben glass bowl and two lamps that no man in the world would select.

The bedroom furniture is held over from the masculine era. "Some day we'll move it into a guest room in the country house we plan to have," Barbara tells you confidentially. "Then I'll have my own dressing table —with ruffles!"

Since Ralph's program, Truth and Consequences, heard at 8:30 P. M., E.D.S.T., Saturdays over NBC-Red, has been traveling for theater appearances, the Edwardses haven't had much chance at the tranquil home life they prefer. But when they're in New York, they usually get up around ten and have a leisurely breakfast on a card table. Barbara has a maid to do most of the housework, but breakfasts she does herself. Now that Ralph has an office of his own, his work seldom intrudes in his home. Except Saturday mornings. Then the agency man comes to breakfast. Barbara serves them in the sitting room—and then shuts the door on them while they tear the script to pieces for Saturday night's broadcast.

THE Edwardses are fond of Chinese checkers, their own home movies, each other, and, of course, Truth and Consequences. Mrs. Edwards figures out a lot of the consequences. "But she always thinks up expensive ones," her husband wails, "that involve a lot of actors and props!" She also likes to work on hammered copper, and has made a whole set of ash trays.

Ralph is the kind of guy who gets a big kick even out of his office routine. Once he and an Australian assistant got the girls on the office staff to throw a big farewell party for the assistant who, Ralph said as a joke, was going back home to Australia. But the girls got even with those two. One of the girls announced her engagement and the rest persuaded Ralph to give her an office party, too. When the engagement gift was unwrapped, Ralph read a note inside which said, "Australia is a long way off—and so is my wedding!"

He's still trying to think up a consequence to that one!

BEGIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE

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Tell Me You Love Me

(*Continued from page* 11)

was gay and lighthearted and had money and a car. Skeeter, on the other hand, had very little money and he managed to get around on a bicycle. Also, Pat liked girls. He spent two-thirds of his time cultivating them, being with them. Skeeter avoided girls whenever he could. Skeeter finally decided that in his usual carefree fashion, Pat wanted him around for laughs.

There was the afternoon Pat came home looking as though he were drunk, but wasn't.

"Guess who's back in town!" Pat said.

"Who?" Skeeter asked, looking up from his book.

"Lynn Cutler," Pat said. "Remember Lynn from High School? Boy, did she turn into a honey!"

DID he remember! "Is she—is she staying in town long?" Skeeter asked, angry with himself because the mere mention of Lynn's name could bring that tightness to his throat and that feeling of tears into his eyes.

"Guess so," Pat said. "She's working in Bonnie Simmons' Beauty Parlor."

"Working?" Skeeter asked. That was wrong. Lynn was too beautiful to have to work, ever.

"Yeah," Pat said. "Her family lost a lot of money last year. She had to give up school."

Skeeter resented Pat's acceptance of the fact that Lynn was like anyone else, but he said nothing. It wouldn't have done to give Pat any idea of the way he felt. The very thought of such a one as Skeeter harboring romantic thoughts, much less love, for Lynn would probably have sent Pat into convulsions. And, thinking it over, Skeeter himself decided it was pretty silly of him.

Still, after that, he couldn't keep his feet from carrying him down the tree-lined Main Street, past Bonnie Simmons' Beauty Parlor, every chance they got.

And, one afternoon, as he was strolling by, trying very hard to look as though he had some purpose in walking down that street, Lynn Cutler came out of the shop.

"Why, Skeeter Russell!" Lynn cried. "How are you?"

Skeeter stopped. His heart stopped, too. "Er, hello—Miss Lynn—er—hello," he gulped. He stood there only for a second or so, but in that time, his eyes drank in every detail of her.

Her golden hair was like flame in the sunlight and her lovely face was like the sun itself, warm and bright. She was small—only reached to Skeeter's shoulder—and she looked fragile and delicate. Yet, there was something about the way she stood, the way she held her head, that made him feel she was strong, strong and dependable.

His feet were moving again. He couldn't control them. They were taking him away from her. "I—I have to—er—good-bye, Miss Lynn," his tongue babbled. "It's nice that you're back."

It wasn't long before Lynn was "the girl" in Brewster City. Skeeter watched the boys competing with each other for her favors. In his heart, he was glad. Lynn deserved to be loved and admired. She was beautiful and sweet and kind. It was right that men should adore her.

Even when Pat Hines began easing out all competitors, Skeeter could not find it in him to be jealous. Pat was by no means worthy of Lynn. But then, no man Skeeter had ever known could be that. However, Pat was handsome and he had money. He could take Lynn to nice places and bring her some of the gayety she needed.

And so, that afternoon of the last baseball game of the season, Skeeter knew that somewhere in the crowds headed toward the ball park, Lynn and Pat were together. It was a very important game. Pat had succeeded in arranging a game between the Ardmore team and the professional Western Giants.

Skeeter weaved through the throngs, ringing his bicycle bell almost constantly to clear a path. He knew they were there, yet his heart leaped, when he actually came across Lynn and Pat.

"Hi, Skeeter! How's the pitching arm?" Pat called.

Skeeter slowed down. "Hello, Pat," he said. His eyes moved on to Lynn. "Oh, hello—Miss—Miss—"

"Hey, look out!" Pat yelled.

And Skeeter felt himself falling, his legs and the wheels in a tangle. People stopped to watch him and laugh.

"What's the matter, Skeeter?" someone joked. "You falling for Lynn Cutler, too?"

Lynn was bending over him, holding out her hand to help him up. "Are you hurt, Skeeter?" she asked.

Skeeter forced himself to laugh. He got up. "No—no, Miss Lynn—I—I'm all right," he mumbled. "Thanks, just the same." He pulled his bicycle upright and started away quickly. He couldn't get away from there fast enough.

He was angry with himself. Why did he always have to make a spectacle of himself? Why did he have to fall just there, just then? And his anger had to have an outlet. He found it in the game. All the humiliation and pain and helpless rage went into his pitching.

ONE out! Two out! Three out! First inning, second inning, third inning, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth inning. Ninth inning. Skeeter faced the batter. It was two out, two strikes and three balls on Bob Yount, the Giants' ace slugger. Skeeter gripped the ball. The wind up. Zing! Out!

The crowd roared. The crowd shouted and applauded and laughed. Pat pounded him on the back. Skeeter felt tired and let down. The anger was gone and there was nothing to take its place. He hurried to the dressing rooms.

As he stepped into the cool dimness, he heard the radio. The sports announcer was just finishing up his broadcast.

"—all over, folks. The Ardmore boys have trounced their professional rivals by a score of two to nothing. Skeeter Russell chalks up another no hit-no run game to his record. What's his secret? You'd have to see Skeeter to understand that. He's about the funniest looking guy you've ever seen on a baseball diamond. Who could hit him? When Skeeter winds up, the rival players fall over laughing. The boy's a riot. Well, time's up, I see.

This is Ted Trommell, returning you to—" Skeeter snapped off the radio.

A man came into the dressing room. "Russell?" It was the manager of the Western Giants.

"Yes," Skeeter said wearily.

"How'd you like to join the Giants?"

Skeeter stared at him. "Join the Giants, Mr. Lane?"

"Sure," Lane said. "Get in on Spring practice, right away."

"Well—gee—" Skeeter said. "Sure."

That was all, but it changed everything. Skeeter hadn't intended going to the dance at the Lake Tavern that evening. But this changed his mind. He didn't care whether people laughed or not, any more. He had this. It made a difference. Let them laugh. He was way ahead of them. Besides, Lynn would be at this dance. It was too much to hope for that she would notice him, much less dance with him, but, at least, he could see her, watch her.

The crowd was having a pretty high time. It was a celebration. Skeeter came in for his share of backslapping and congratulations. He edged around the dance floor, looking for Lynn and Pat.

"Yay! Skeeter!" Pat was a little tipsy.

"Hello, Pat. Having a good time?"

"Swell," Pat said. "How about you, hero?"

"First rate," Skeeter said. "It's nice to see so many people enjoying themselves."

"Well, have fun," Pat said, turning away unsteadily.

SKEETER put a restraining hand on Pat's arm. "Say, Pat, it's none of my business, I know—but—well, don't you think you've had enough to drink? You're getting a little wobbly on your feet."

"So what?" Pat demanded boisterously. "I came to have a good time and I'm having it."

"And Lynn?" Skeeter went on. "You came with her and you're neglecting her. Don't you think it's silly to take a chance on losing her?"

"Look, Skeeter," Pat said. "Nobody can lose Lynn, because nobody has her. And you can't neglect her, either, because as soon as your back's turned there are ten guys ready to take your place. Take it easy, Skeeter. You're a funny guy, don't try to be serious. Just makes you look funnier!" Suddenly, Pat doubled up with laughter. "Skeeter, cut it out! You look—you look—like a clown with the cramps." Pat laughed himself away.

Skeeter looked after him. Guess people don't realize clowns do have cramps, he thought glumly.

"Skeeter!"

He turned around and found himself looking into Lynn's eyes.

"I've been trying to get hold of you all evening," Lynn said.

"Me?" Skeeter asked.

"Yes, you," Lynn smiled. "I want to tell you what a grand game you played this afternoon."

"Oh—game—?" Skeeter said. "Yes, I guess people had a good time. At least, they got a few laughs out of it."

"I didn't," Lynn said. "Get any laughs, I mean. I thought it was a thrilling performance—on your part."

"Gee—thanks, Miss Lynn." Skeeter didn't know what to say next. "Looking for Pat?"

"No," Lynn said. "I was looking for you. Would you like to dance with me?"

"Who, me?"

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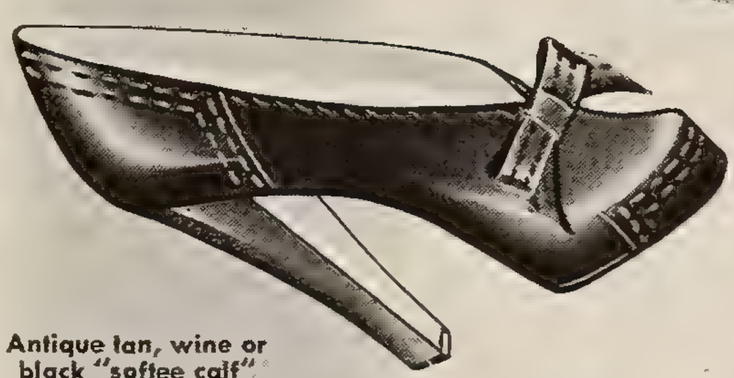
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"Yes," Lynn smiled.

"But—I—you mean that, Miss Lynn?"

"Of course. Wouldn't you like to dance with me?"

"Wouldn't I like to—Gosh!" Skeeter breathed. "I—sure—only—I really don't know how to dance. I haven't had much practice."

"I'll teach you," Lynn said. "Come on, Skeeter. There's nothing to it."

Skeeter felt as though he were floating. His arm was around her slender waist. This way, she seemed even smaller than he'd thought. The top of her head was under his chin and he could smell the fragrance of her hair. It made him think of fields of new cut hay and Spring flowers. She looked up at him and smiled and the rest of the world disappeared and he was lost in the depths of her eyes.

"Well! Look, look!" Pat broke in on them. He grimaced. "The goil what I brung, dancin' with the guy what I room with!" he clowned.

"Pat, you're drunk," Lynn said quietly. "Go and sit down."

"Sure," Pat said. "Sit down and cry into my beard. Okay. Okay by me. No hard feelings. I wouldn't break up that picture for anything. You look like something, you two. What is it, now? Let's see—oh, yeah, 'Beauty and the Beast'." And Pat staggered away, laughing.

"Gee, Miss Lynn, I'm sorry," Skeeter said. Pat must be very drunk, he thought, to be jealous of him. "But Pat—" he added, "you mustn't hold it against him. He's pretty well salted, I guess."

"That's all right, Skeeter," Lynn said. She was smiling. "It gives me a chance to do what I've been wanting to do all evening. Skeeter, will you take me home, please?"

"Huh?"

"Take me home."

"Er—that's what I thought you said," Skeeter gulped. "But—you see—I haven't a car, Miss Lynn, and—"

HOW did you get here?" Lynn asked.

"On my bike."

"That's how we're going back, then," Lynn said.

"On my bike?"

"Certainly. I haven't ridden the handlebars since I went to grammar school."

And then it was like a dream. Skeeter pedalled along the dusky road, Lynn on the handlebars, leaning back against him. Her hair was ruffled by the wind and the sweet smell of her made him a little dizzy. Her hands, close to his on the handlebars, sent waves of thrills through him.

The road dipped into a ravine and Lynn suggested they stop by the river wall. And then, she asked Skeeter to lift her up on the wall. He put his hands on her waist and she was very close to him and he forgot what he was supposed to be doing.

"Lift me up," Lynn said softly.

He moved, at last. Lynn settled herself on the wall and offered her hand to help him up beside her. He didn't need any help. He felt as though he had wings.

"Oh!" Lynn cried. "You almost jumped clear over."

Skeeter looked down in back of him and laughed. "Be a long drop," he said. "Guess I'd look just as funny falling down there as I do at anything else."

"Skeeter, please," Lynn said.

And Skeeter was ashamed. "I'm sorry, Miss Lynn," he said.

"And I think it's time for you to drop the Miss," Lynn said. "Just Lynn will be a lot easier."

"Lynn," Skeeter murmured. "That's the prettiest name I've ever heard. Wish I could tell you the things it reminds me of."

"Tell me," Lynn said softly. She slipped one of her small hands into his coat pocket, murmuring that it was cold.

It was so easy talking to Lynn, that he found himself telling her about the way he loved to watch the boats on the river and wonder where they went and how he used to like to imagine they sailed far away into a place no one had ever seen, a land of little people and tinkling bells and girls, all of them named Lynn.

"Why, Skeeter," Lynn said. "That's lovely—like poetry." And she didn't seem surprised that he should have dreams like that.

SKEETER felt he had to tell her about Mr. Lane's offer.

"That means you'll be in the line-up next season," Lynn said.

"Guess so," Skeeter said a little sadly.

"That's wonderful, Skeeter!" Lynn said. "I know you'll pitch with the best of them."

There was encouragement, belief in her voice and, suddenly, Skeeter's heart was filled with gratitude. He was thanking her, haltingly. Thanking her for being kind to him, for dancing with him, for letting him take her home.

"Skeeter," she stopped him. "Is that why you think I did it? Just to be kind? Don't you believe a girl might want to dance with you for any other reason?"

Skeeter was afraid to answer her.

John McIntire is the regular master of ceremonies on Lincoln Highway, introducing a different famous star every week in a half-hour play. Tune it in Saturday mornings on NBC-Red.

He was afraid he might say too much, might make her laugh at him. He was glad the town bell began tolling midnight. It was late. He had to get Lynn home.

He helped her down from the wall. Again, he was aware of her closeness, her sweetness. His arms ached to hold her to him. He let her go.

"Home is a good place," Lynn whispered. Then, so low he almost didn't hear, "But, you know where I'd rather be going? To that land of little people and tinkling bells—"

All that Spring, Skeeter's head was full of Lynn. He worked very hard at the training camp. He spent his evenings alone in his room, writing long letters to Lynn. He never sent them. He poured out his heart in those letters, he dared hope, dared make plans that included her. But Lynn never saw them. The letters she got were humdrum affairs, about camp routine, the weather, things like that. Things any man might write to anybody.

Skeeter felt he had to wait. He wanted to make sure he had something to offer her, something besides himself in the role of a clown. He wanted to accomplish something, make a little money so he could settle down and do agricultural research, which was what he'd studied for. He wanted to show Lynn—and himself—that he could do something besides make people laugh.

THE training ended and the team went East for the opening of the baseball season. For three weeks, Skeeter sat in the dugout, waiting for his chance. And then, in the seventh inning of their last game in New York, it came.

"Skeeter!" Mr. Lane was calling him. Skeeter jumped up, "Okay, get in there, Russell," Mr. Lane said. "Don't let them get away from us. The game's already in the bag. Just hold the ground, that's all."

"Hold the ground?" Skeeter was feeling good. "Mr. Lane, I'm going to shut out the best they've got—unless I break an arm."

Lane patted his shoulder. "Don't worry about the game. We're too far in the lead for them to catch up now. Just go in there and be yourself."

"Be myself?"

"Sure, sure," Lane said. "Lighten the game up a bit. Give the crowd a few laughs."

"You're sending me out—just to make the crowd laugh?"

"So what?" Lane said.

"But—I'm a ball player." Skeeter was panicky. "Look, Mr. Lane, I didn't join the Giants to—"

"Wait a minute," Lane said. "I don't care why you joined the Giants. I hired you because you can make a crowd laugh. We need a crowd pleaser, just as much as we need players. Now, scram out there and do your stuff. Get funny!"

Something went wrong in Skeeter's head then. "Get funny!" He passed the dugout without seeing it. "Get Funny!" He pushed past the doorman to the dressing rooms. "GET FUNNY!" The man tried to stop him, send him back to the field, where his name had already been announced, but Skeeter hardly heard him.

"Look at me!" Skeeter yelled, pushing the frightened man back against the wall. "Look at me! I'm funny! Go on and laugh. No? I'll make a face for you. How's that? What's

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the matter with you? Don't you think I'm funny?"

"No," Skeeter heard the man's voice from very far away. "No, I don't."

"Well, I do!" Skeeter shouted. "Guess I'll have to do the laughing myself." And he did laugh. He laughed until it tore at his ribs and the tears ran down his face, so it was hard for him to change his clothes.

Then, he started walking. He was never going to stop. His feet found a highway and he kept on going. Small towns, cities, rivers, plains. He saw them all through a haze. He saw people, sometimes, he talked to them. And, as time ran past, up and down the roads, he noticed that people didn't laugh so much anymore. He found the hurt leaving him. It took a long time, but he got over it.

And, one day, because the road he was on led that way, he wandered back to Brewster City. He walked along the tree-lined streets and, on the bridge, he met Pat Hines.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" Pat cried. "Skeeter!"

THEY shook hands. There were the usual questions. Where ya been? Bumming around. What are you going to do? No plans. Then, Skeeter asked him.

"How's Lynn?" and he found the words sticking in his throat.

"I don't know," Pat said. "Haven't heard a word from her in over a year. She quit the beauty parlor and went East."

"Too bad," Skeeter said. "Thought I'd look her up." He was trying to sound cold, casual. "Swell girl, Lynn."

Suddenly, Pat was angry. "You're a fine one to say that—after the way you treated her."

"After—the way I treated her?"

"Oh, come off it," Pat said. "If it weren't for you, Lynn never would have left Brewster City."

"Pat, what are you talking about?"

"You broke her heart," Pat said. "She was in love with you and you—"

Skeeter grabbed Pat's shoulder. "What are you talking about? Do you know what you're saying?"

"Sure. She told me herself. She cried it all out on my shoulder, when she came back from New York."

"She was in New York? When?"

"When you went East to play with the Giants," Pat said. "She went to see you play. Only you didn't. They announced you, one game, but you never appeared on the diamond. And, when she went back to the dressing rooms, the man there said you'd left."

"Pat, you wouldn't kid about a thing like this?"

"Do I look like I'm kidding?"

"No. But it's impossible," Skeeter said. "Lynn is so beautiful. She could have had her pick of the roost. How could a girl like Lynn fall for someone like me? She was sorry for me, that's all."

"Call it what you like," Pat said. "Pity's not what Lynn called it. She was in love. Well, that's water under the bridge. She's gone—Lord knows where." Pat looked at his watch. "I've got to beat it, Skeeter. Be seeing you."

Skeeter stood there on the bridge for hours. He remembered Lynn. He remembered every word she had ever said to him. He remembered how she had said it. And, after awhile, he began to understand.

That night at the dance—it wasn't pity. She had almost told him so, only he was too blind, too wrapped up in his own desire not to make her laugh at him, that he hadn't had time to notice how she felt, to wonder. She wanted to be with him, that's why she had asked him to take her home. She wanted to be in his arms, she wanted him to kiss her, that's why she asked to be lifted up on the wall. She knew he loved her and she wanted him to tell her so. But he had been afraid.

Skeeter hated himself. "It wasn't enough that you were made so people laughed at you," he muttered to himself. "You had to be blind, too." He had to do something—now that he knew. Maybe it wasn't too late.

He had gone to Bonnie Simmons, right away, and asked her for Lynn's address. "I've got one," Bonnie had said. "But it's almost a year old. She might not be there anymore." He had written, at once.

SKEETER Russell pulled himself back out of the past. One corner of the envelope was a little crumpled. He had been holding it very tight. Now, here was his answer and he was afraid to open it.

Steeling himself to face whatever was in the letter, he tore open the flap. His hands shook a little.

"Dear, darling Skeeter," he read. "You'll never know how happy I was to hear from you—and to read the things you told me in your letter. I've loved you, dearest, for what seems like ages. I begin to see the things I was afraid we'd missed—the land we never saw—the tinkling bells. Oh, I know we'll both have the happiness that's been so long delayed. I can hardly wait until I'm on my way home—to you."

Skeeter looked up. The room was somehow filled with sunlight. And suddenly, deep inside him, laughter was born. Laughter such as he had never known before, good laughter, happy laughter that welled up like singing inside. Beautiful laughter.

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JOHN "BUD" HIESTAND—whose breezy, informal way of announcing adds to the pleasure of Kay Kyser's Musical College program on NBC-Red every Wednesday. Bud passed his first radio audition at station KFI in Los Angeles in 1934, and has been on the air steadily ever since. He was born in Madison, Wisconsin, and brought to California by his parents when he was a boy. In 1930 he graduated from Stanford University with a degree in political science. He's six feet two, with blond curly hair and a winning smile, and has played the role of radio announcer in many a movie. Bud's married to Joane Wood, radio actress and writer, and the daughter of movie director Sam Wood. He plays piano, banjo, guitar and drums.

Your Marriage Happiness

(*Continued from page 29*)

in a night club. All my work before that had been on the stage. I was terrified to think of singing to people so close they could reach out and touch me. I was accustomed to having footlights and an orchestra between me and my audience. So I was scared to death and he was probably justified in shaking his head the way he did.

"You'll never make it," he said.

But he didn't fire me and before a month had passed, we were working on original songs together. I was never frightened when he was at the piano. Then, of course, we discovered that we liked each other. In fact, we loved each other. We decided to get married.

Think back on your own first year of marriage. Remember all those things that used to drive you wild? The way he read the paper at the breakfast table. The way he left his clothes all over the place for you to pick up. The casual way he dropped ashes in his coffee cup—what a mess! That was the bad year of getting adjusted to each other. Sometimes you felt you had married a complete stranger. That's when you said, "I've had as much of this as I can stand. I'm through!"

It was no different for us.

I REMEMBER I used to get so mad I would flounce out of the house. I'd get so mad I'd throw things. Don't smile. If you just think back, I'll bet you'll remember you felt the same way. Maybe you didn't actually throw things, but I'll bet you often wanted to. Maybe you cried instead. Or nagged. Or bought a hat you couldn't afford.

Now of course I didn't mean any of those things seriously any more than you did. I always meant to come back when I flounced out of the house and I never meant to hit anything when I threw. They were emotional outlets to express something I had not yet learned to express any other way.

They had their inevitable result. Everything went wrong. Friends, finances, work, home fell all to pieces because we were creating a bad environment—an environment in which good could not operate. We were brought up short the day we realized we had no jobs, no money, no prospects, no happiness. We were forced to try to understand what the trouble was and try to correct it. Not to blame each other or the world or Fate, but to see where our own faults lay and to change them.

The trouble was that we were not talking things over together—calmly, frankly, intelligently. We were acting like children, as so many married couples—and not always young ones, either!—do.

Why is it that people find it so difficult to talk to each other as human beings and not just as man and wife? Often I think it is because of pride. The woman is too proud of her mystery, her allure for her husband. She is afraid that if she talks to him frankly—man to man—he will see that she is just another person like himself and will lose interest in her as a woman.

The man, on the other hand, is often too proud of his importance. He is afraid that if he frankly admits his

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Please send *free* Alix' 5 shades in Jergens Face Powder. Also free sample of Jergens new Face Cream.

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Here's the way I help my skin deal with that *Summer hangover*

RARE is the skin that comes home from a summer vacation without a hangover of sunburn, windburn, skyshine, and a general weather-beaten look.

Now's the time to get after that summer skin hangover. Put Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams to work on it!

And also give these special creams a chance to help if you are bothered with such blemishes as rough scaly dryness, oily shine, and enlarged pore openings.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM
(Formerly Texture Cream)

Get the full benefit of this cream by using both as a night treatment and as a day foundation. It softens and neutralizes accumulations often acid in nature in the external pore openings. It also contains cholesterol which by retaining moisture acts to keep your skin more supple and pliant.

As a foundation women agree that Phillips' Skin Cream "does something extra." It removes excess oiliness and softens dry rough skin so that powder and rouge go on evenly and adhere for hours.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM

A new experience awaits you in the way this different cream cleanses! You see it not only loosens and rolls away the surface dirt and make-up but penetrates the outer pore openings and cleanses away the accumulations which daily lodge there. Leaves your skin clean, softened, and refreshed!

SKIN CREAM
(FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)
30c and 60c

CLEANSING CREAM
30c, 60c and $1.00

PHILLIPS' *Milk of Magnesia* **CREAMS**

Congratulations to radio's June bride—Alice Frost, star of CBS' Big Sister serial, who married her director, Willson M. Tuttle.

troubles, his mistakes, his problems, she will lose respect for him as the perfect, all-powerful male. He will lose his position as head of the house.

There's no place for false pride in marriage. Such false prides as these are as dangerous to happiness as they are pathetic in human beings. How can two people live intimately together unless they do talk freely and frankly to each other, try to understand and help each other?

But it is not always possible to achieve such frank understanding between man and wife. I know at first I tried all the feminine tricks—scolding, teasing, flirting, even crying—to get my husband's confidence. It hurt me that he found it difficult to tell me things—things I felt I had a right to know. Naturally a more voluble person, I felt I was being cheated when I poured out my heart and met no answering response.

THEN, when the crisis came, and we found ourselves faced with bankruptcy—emotional as well as financial—I made a great discovery. I realized that it was hurting Sylvan as much as it was hurting me. It was making him even more unhappy than it was making me. Actually I was not the one who was suffering because I was able to get emotional relief by getting mad or throwing things—which was just as bad. I saw that I was wrong. I wanted to help him.

So we learned to talk things over. We had to. We had to learn to say, without sulking or without being angry, "Can't we talk this over?" And it worked. And not only our marriage, but everything else we did, was happier and more successful for it.

If you can learn to say "Can't we talk this over?" without nagging or crying or scolding or teasing, you will be a long way on the road to a successful marriage. And don't, for heaven's sake, spoil it by saying, after you have tried it and it has worked, "I told you so!" You are not doing it to show how smart you are, but to help build a solid foundation for a happy life together.

Then, what about those little things that everybody in the world does, lit-

tle habits that are so annoying to the people who live with them? We had to face those, too, just as you all have to do.

My husband, for instance, loves to come into the house, drop into a chair, and fall asleep. I have never been able to understand why he wouldn't rather go upstairs, stretch out on the bed, and take a comfortable nap. But could I persuade him to do that? You know—because your husband probably does something like that, too—that I could not!

On the other hand, I like to lie abed late in the morning, often just to read or relax. It's a habit I fell into from being in the theater all my life. After working late hours, you just don't get up in the morning. But, even now, when I am not working theater hours, I still have the habit. I don't want to get up in the morning and go for a walk. Sylvan often does. He can't understand why I don't want to get up and go with him.

These two little habits caused us a lot of trouble at first. But we have come to see that such little things are far from being essential in a happy marriage. Neither of us likes the other's little habits, but they are not important enough to fight over and we don't fight over them. You can always try saying pleasantly, "I wish you wouldn't do that, dear." But if it is a habit of such long standing that it is impossible to break, the best thing you can do is put up with it.

Such habits are small things. But what about that big threat to any marriage—jealousy? Jealousy can grow out of a lack of trust or a lack of frankness or out of nothing at all. It can be used as a technique by a frightened woman who thinks her husband is losing interest in her. Or by a restless woman to have a little fun. Or it can be created out of a harmless friendship by a suspicious man or woman.

I THINK there is only one way to destroy jealousy—by creating a feeling of perfect trust. I have been accustomed to the friendship of many men with whom I worked in the theater. They are men I like or admire, men I see constantly, pals of mine, coworkers. Should I give up seeing them, being gay and friendly with them because it makes my husband jealous? I say, decidedly not! It seems to me that such restrictions do nothing but close a person into a frightened, fear-full existence where any natural remark or act may be considered improper. It's not fair for a woman—or a man, either—to have to live that way. Let her have faith in her own character so that she can say to her husband, "I will not allow you to think of me in that way. If I have ever given you any cause for real suspicion, you would have the right to distrust me. But I have not and I do not intend to. You must believe me. You must trust me. And I will not cause you any heartache because of that trust."

Would I be jealous myself? Certainly, if there were any cause. If my husband were really to fall in love with somebody else, I know I would be ill—physically ill—with jealousy. But I pay him the compliment of trusting him. In his work as a pianist, he sees many pretty girls. When I worked at Billy Rose's "Diamond Horse Shoe" club in New York, many of the chorus girls there insisted they were crazy about my husband. Naturally, I could not blame them. I'm crazy about him myself. But should it worry me and make me unhappy when another girl says, even in a joke, "When are you going to let me go out with your husband, Beatrice?" Not at all. The more restrictions set up around such outside friendships, the more dangerous they become.

REMEMBER and apply your child psychology. Children always seem to want most the things that are forbidden them. Why? Because they seem so much more attractive. Apply a little of this psychology to your husband. Why make another woman seem more attractive to him by surrounding her with the attraction of forbidden fruit? All you succeed in doing is to make her seem a goal to be gained, not just a friend who is pleasant and interesting but not particularly desirable. And remember, if your own marriage is a satisfying one, there is little temptation for your husband to find satisfaction elsewhere.

I am not talking now about the problems of a physical adjustment about which a doctor should be consulted. Or about the problems of where you will live, how much you will be able to live on, what kind of family you will have and when. These problems are as individual as people themselves. Nobody can make any hard and fast rules about them. Nobody can foresee what is around the next marital corner and every new problem has to be met by itself as a special case.

But remember this. It's worth it—solving every problem the grownup, sensible way. For there's an even deeper satisfaction, a greater joy in marriage after the honeymoon is over if you do. Believe me, I know. And you can find out.

Say Hello To—

LIONEL STANDER—the sandpaper-voiced star of The Life of Riley over CBS Saturday mornings. You've seen him in the movies, but just now he's devoting his time to radio and to producing plays on Broadway. Lionel became an actor when he left college. Before that he was interested mostly in football, but had difficulty staying in one school long enough to play it much. He explains that the faculty thought he ought to attend classes, but he disagreed. Acting wasn't very successful either, for a while, and he supported himself by working at other jobs. In 1934 he made a hit in a Noel Coward movie, "The Scoundrel," which was filmed in New York, and Hollywood snapped him up. He's not half as tough as he sounds on the air.

"I WONDER if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?"

To the girl or woman asking that question about Midol, there is an emphatic answer: It will *not*.

But in most cases where there is no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol *does relieve* the functional pain of menstruation to some degree, *and should for you!*

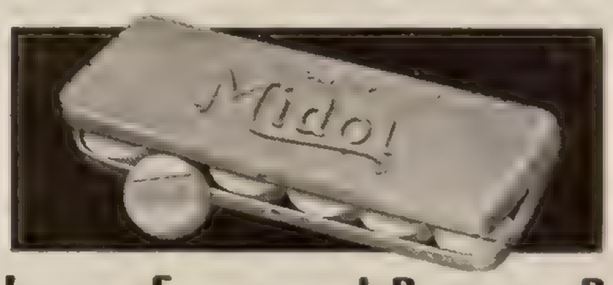
Understand, Midol may give you complete comfort. It has done this for many. But others experience only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you receive well worth while—compared with the unchecked pain you've often suffered?

"Yes, but won't Midol form some habit?" Only the habit of avoiding suffering that is *needless!* Midol contains no opiates. One ingredient is prescribed by many doctors for headache and muscular pain, and another—*exclusively* in Midol—increases relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

So don't keep Midol for "emergencies." Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Trust it to help you break the shackles of the calendar—to give back "lost days" for active, carefree living!

That, exactly, is what Midol means to many up-and-doing girls and women. Among thousands recently interviewed, more reported using Midol to relieve functional menstrual pain than all other preparations combined. And 96% of these Midol users said they found Midol effective.

Look for these tablets on your drugstore counter, or just ask for Midol. The large size, a trim aluminum case that tucks into purse or pocket, is only 40¢; the small size, 20¢.



Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

June Preisser, James Lydon and Mary Anderson appearing in "Henry Aldrich for President," a Paramount Picture.

Pepsi-Cola GOES BIG WITH HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG SET

Because of Pepsi-Cola's finer flavor, better taste and bigger size . . . millions prefer this tall drink every time. Pour yourself a glassful today. See how much more Pepsi-Cola you get for your nickel. 12 full ounces...plenty for any thirst.

5¢ 12 OZ. BOTTLE

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. and is bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

Heartbreakers

(*Continued from page* 21)

Once outside, I had a quick revulsion of feeling. It had been a lie, all that he had told me. Philip had not believed him. Even now he was trying to find me. He had stayed, and let the ship go out to sea without him. I called at the steamship office. I waited while the clerk checked the lists. I never had needed more strength than I did to wait there, while he looked to see. I still couldn't believe, not even when he had said, "Yes, madam. Philip Turrell sailed. An hour ago. On the SS. Rio."

I went back to singing at the night club. Because I could think of nothing else to do. And I had to have something. I sang the same songs, but they were different now, more sad, more like tangoes. Some, it seemed, preferred the songs that way. Other clubs that had not noticed me until then began to make me offers. A radio station asked me to broadcast. My associates, my friends, my manager urged me to accept one of these offers. But it didn't matter where I was and it was easier to refuse.

It was Brenda who would not accept my heartbreak. She said I was more lovely and my voice better than ever and that I must accept the radio station's offer. But I shook my head. I didn't care. Until Brenda cried. I had never seen her cry. I had forgotten that anyone else could have grief. I thought all of it that was in the world was mine now. I reached out and took her hand.

"Brenda, I will sing anywhere you wish."

I no longer felt completely chilled. Someone loved me enough to cry. I accepted the radio offer.

I chose my programs carefully so that I would be a success. It was all like a dream, the studio applause, the mail showering in, gifts for me. There were offers too, from other bigger stations, and my station even arranged to have my broadcast carried to the United States. My manager saw money, gold and silver, shining through the applause. But I saw a young, clean face with a boyish and daring mouth.

I MUST have known what would happen when my manager read me the cable; he was provoked because I showed no more excitement. "You would think it was nothing," he stormed. "Just an offer from one of the most famous night clubs in the whole United States, that's all."

I was not more excited because nothing would be real again. So I did not explain to him, but left him to arrange the contracts and the reservations on the ship and I let him think the tears in my eyes were from pleasure.

So that was how I sailed from Buenos. My heart caught when I went to the pier and saw the luggage piled high alongside the sleek side of the beautiful ship. Once before my luggage had been there and the purser had reserved a honeymoon suite for a bride who was never met by her groom. Slowly we steamed out toward the foam flecked broad highway of ocean and the salt of the spray from the waves was less than from my tears.

Then I was in the United States—a great lady, a famous singer to whom crowds flocked every night, applauding, demanding encore after encore. So famous that one day I sat in the cool, paneled offices of a big network and read a contract that a cigarette sponsor was asking me to sign, for a series of weekly broadcasts that would carry my voice from coast to coast.

I sang—oh how desperately I sang—to a radio audience of millions, for each thing now that I did I must do well. I broadcast from the network's largest studio so that a few thousands of our listeners each week could come and see in person the program as it went out on the air. I sang, while my heart whispered "Philip—Philip," and my sadness carried the songs to my listeners. Sometimes I wondered if I were a little mad, because I'd look at my audience, sitting there in front of me, row after row of faces all staring up at me, and I would see—him, only him, not a roomful of people at all, but clearly and perfectly just him, exactly as I saw him whenever I closed my eyes.

But finally one night I stood there in front of the microphone ready for my song, looking out over the studio of people smiling welcome, applauding with delight, and among them I really saw—him. Not a roomful making up his face but his face among all the others, so that it could not be a dream,

but must be reality.

Habit, shock, the numbness of surprise sustained me and I began to sing in time with the melody of music from the orchestra behind me. The hall was a whirling mist. There was no feel of ground beneath my feet. But I continued to sing, through to the final note of the last violin. And then in the space of a single breath I was off the stage, down through the ropes and backdrops of the theater, and out of the studio. He would be waiting at the door and I must not keep him. But he hadn't arrived when I got there. I darted back to the audience entrance. Trembling, I was at the door in half a dozen fleeting seconds.

I moved soundlessly into the studio. The broadcast was not quite ended yet. I looked up the aisle and saw, where he had been, only a vacant chair. Had my eyes, my mind, my wish created for themselves that image of him that I had seen? Terrified, I crept out of the studio. Down the hall, across from me I saw the man again that I had thought was Philip. He glanced back once, then disappeared into the elevator he had summoned. And he—he *was* Philip. I had not imagined him. But now he had fled, had not wanted this meeting.

That night I knew desolation. I shall never again live such another week as that which followed. Because should I ever have all hope crushed from me again, I will never find the courage to live. I went to rehearsals with my head aching so that I couldn't see the notes I was trying to sing.

And then it was the night of the broadcast again and I was on the stage, the blinding whiteness of the spotlights flooding my white face, accentuating the red smear of my lips, and the ebony blackness of my hair.

Only when my song ended did I dare to look to see if he was there. But by then I think I knew that I would see him. Because I looked directly to where he was and into the blue flash of his eyes. He made no move to leave but he so easily could be gone before I could get through backstage and reach him. I must make him remain, must make him want to stay. I somehow must hold him, though my voice, the microphone, my songs were the only means I possessed. What prompted me I don't know, but in place of the introduction I should have made to my next song, I said:

"Once in my home country, a boy and a girl were in love. They would have married, but an older man, who knew nothing at all about the girl, told the boy lies about her, so that he would not marry her. He thought it would be better for the boy's career. After the boy had left, this man admitted what he had done. But the boy still believed the lies. The song I am going to sing to you now, is the song the girl would have written to the boy if she could have written songs. But she could only sing them."

IT was the most beautiful of all my love songs that I sang then. Sang it and then was running off the stage, the fear of desperation lending me the speed that would keep Philip from disappearing without a word. But I had no need of this fear or this frantic running. For he came striding up to the door just as I opened it and he spoke my name and I answered.

"Philip!"

He flung out his hands but I drew back. I was afraid. And he said, his hands dropping at his sides,

"I don't blame you. I thought you would never forgive me. But your song seemed to say that you could and I thought—"

He broke off abruptly, then said, "That you had forgiven me. Though I don't know how you could. Last week I only meant to come and look at you again just once. I couldn't help it. I had to see you again. And when I did, I realized how much you still meant to me. But I—I couldn't trust myself to risk meeting you. I ran away. I didn't mean to come again. But I did. I came to tell you that no matter what I did or what anyone said, I love you, and always have."

"But that day you sailed—" I began.

He paused, then said,

"I don't know why I believed him. Except that he always had been a good friend. I'd never known him to lie about anything. And at first I was angry and hurt and disappointed. So I went without calling you. And ever since I have been fighting against what he said, against what I thought I should believe and finally I had to come back to you. Not because I thought you could forgive me, but only to ask you to."

"Perhaps it would have been more polite if I had waited for you to ask," I said. "But I didn't dare wait. So instead, I gave an old song a new introduction and changed the old words around so that I could tell you that I forgave you long ago."

With a twisted smile, he held out his arms again and this time they closed around me, shutting me in happiness and shutting out loneliness.

TO 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS . . .

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!

An utterly new principle in choosing your cosmetics—"matched makeup"! Created by Richard Hudnut to give you the added allure of color *harmony!*

• Beauty surveys among thousands of women reveal this startling fact. Actually 5 out of 7 women use makeup that lacks color harmony.

Now Richard Hudnut has developed an entirely new principle in cosmetics . . . "matched makeup!" *Marvelous Matched Makeup*, consisting of powder, rouge and lipstick *in scientific color harmony!*

Try this amazing new beauty "threesome." A mere three minutes to apply—and you see exciting new loveliness that catches at the heart . . . inspires romance!

. . . How Marvelous Powder CLINGS! Two special adhering ingredients help Marvelous Powder to stay on smoothly up to *five full hours.* Ingredients so pure they're often recommended for sensitive skins.

And Marvelous Powder is sheer, lies caressingly on your skin—gives a luminous finish that *lasts!*

Try Marvelous Face Powder. And for the added beauty of a *matched* makeup—try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too. At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

Hudnut MARVELOUS

Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND THE POWDER THAT Stays on 5 Hours

CLIP! MAIL! SEE NEW LOVELINESS!

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Please send me try-out Makeup Kit containing generous art-metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. *I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.*

*The color of my eyes is*_____ *hair*_____ *skin*_____

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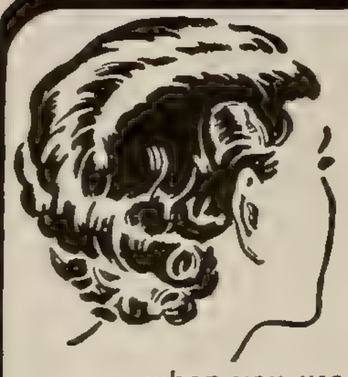

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

when you use this amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
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LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses

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MAKE Extra MONEY FAST

Sells CHRISTMAS CARDS FASTER THAN EVER

See sensational new 1941 Line! Start earning cash now. Gorgeous Christmas Cards with sender's name, 50 for $1.00 up. 9 other profit assortments. New features—clever ideas galore. Novel "Oil-Painting" effect designs. Up to 100% profit. Samples on approval.

50 FOR $1 With Name

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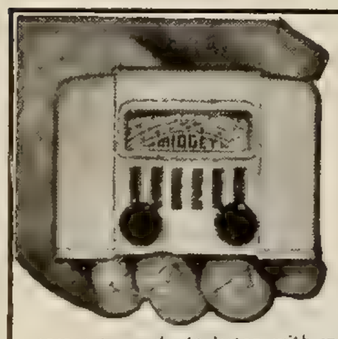


NEW! 1941 MODEL! Pocket Radio NO Tubes Batteries Plug in

DURABLE PLASTIC CABINETS

Dual Bands-Magictenna-Microdial

Fits your pockets or purse—Wt. 6 ozs. Small as cigarette package. PATENTED POWER RECTIFIER. Hi-ratio easy tuning "MICRODIAL". M. L. OF ILL. SAYS: "MIDGET RADIO WORKS FINE!" ONE YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEE! Sent complete ready to listen with instructions and tiny phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. SIMPLE TO OPERATE—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED! SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage charges on arrival or send $2.99 (Check, M. O., Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. A MOST UNUSUAL VALUE! FREE! "MAGICTENNA"—ELIMINATES OUTSIDE WIRES! ORDER NOW! MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. L9, Kearney, Nebr.

Hair Free THE QUICKER WAY!

All Druggists and 10¢ Stores

X-BAZIN Cream

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 9*)

Akron, Ohio. His dad was in the rubber business. This took the family around the country often and by the time the boy was ready to study medicine at Carnegie Tech, he had lived in three other states.

Depression came and Vaughn was forced to leave his studies and get a job with Austin Wiley's band after three years at the university. He tooted for Wiley until the band folded six months later.

Then came three years with Larry Funk's orchestra. For the most part Vaughn concentrated on playing his trumpet. Then one night, annoyed with the band's often inebriated vocalist, Vaughn asked Larry for a chance to sing. Funk was dubious but finally agreed. Once Vaughn's resonant baritone rang out, the dancers huddled near the bandstand. The applause was deafening and Funk almost dropped his baton. Vaughn was given more opportunities, kept stopping the show. Funk then dismissed his other singer.

But Vaughn realized that he was making little progress and in 1937 left Funk, to join Jack Marshard's band in Boston. Marshard was an alert business man. When two simultaneous offers came for the band's services, Jack accepted both. He took his regular crew to Bar Harbor, hastily rounded up a patchwork ensemble for the other job and gave Monroe the baton. This was for a summer run at Cape Cod. The social set there liked the singing substitute well enough to treat his pickup band gently.

Marshard saw Monroe's possibilities and hired Johnny Watson, Jan Savitt's able arranger, to develop a real band behind Vaughn. Leonard Joy of RCA-Victor heard the band, approved four test records, and signed them. Vaughn had a hunch this was the break he was waiting for and sent for his schoolday sweetheart, Marion Baughman. They were married a day after she arrived.

The records clicked immediately. Some of the hits were "There I Go," "Donkey Serenade," "Pagliacci," "Take It Jackson," and the sensational "Salud, Dinero y Amor," which sold 110,000 copies. The jukebox patrons yelled for more. It was refreshing to hear a leader who could sing.

After a trial spin in Boston's Hotel Statler, the band played the New York Paramount. After three successful weeks there, they were ready for any and all comers.

Added to the band was 23-year-old, blackhaired Marilyn Duke. Marilyn stands five feet nine in her stocking feet and is the tallest girl vocalist in the business.

If Vaughn's movie possibilities materialize by December, here's a tip to Hollywood real estate agents: submit a nursery in the blue print plans. Mrs. Monroe, a tall girl who received a master's degree from the University of Pittsburgh, was feverishly knitting a baby sweater all during my interview.

"Everytime someone in the band strikes a sour note in rehearsals," Vaughn remarked wryly as he gazed at his blonde wife, "Marion drops a stitch."

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Bobby Byrne: (Decca 3773) "Nighty-Night"—"Do I Worry?"—A simple summer tune that will get you whistling. The turnover is an expert ballad that is also well played by Claude Thornhill on Okeh 6178.

Eddy Duchin: (Columbia 36089) "Maria Elena"—"Time and Time Again"—The nimble-fingered pianist sets the first song in waltz setting.

Jimmy Dorsey: (Decca 3710) "My Sister and I"—"Hush of the Night"—There have been carloads of new songs taking for their themes the glory that was once Europe, but this refugee ballad continues as the cream of the crop, especially when Bob Eberly sings it. Reverse is a moden treatment of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade."

Tommy Tucker: (Okeh 6211) "You Are My Sunshine"—"New Worried Mind"—Stickily sentimental reminder of "I'll Never Smile Again."

(Recommended Albums: The Andre Kostelanetz-Alec Templeton alliance for Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (Columbia); Eddy Duchin's Gershwin piano package (Columbia) and Joe Reichman's Victor keyboard collection of memorable melodies.)

Some Like It Swing:

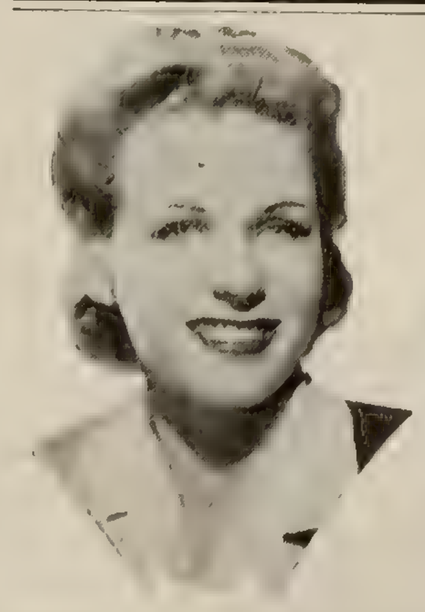
Andrews Sisters: (Decca 3732) "Aurora"—"Music Makers"—Another Andrews accomplishment.

Tommy Dorsey: (Victor 27421) "Yes, Indeed"—"Will You Still Be Mine"—T. D. pours everything into the "A" side for an exciting reproduction.

Harry James: (Columbia 36160) "Trumpet Rhapsody"—The advance ballyhoo was a handicap for this one, despite James' dynamic trumpeting.

Count Basie: (Okeh 6157) "Wiggle Woogie"—"Jump the Blues Away"—Played in the accepted Harlem manner.

Ozzie Nelson: (Bluebird 11155) "Beat It Out"—"Where"—Fast and clean are these tunes from the film "Sweetheart of the Campus" but Harriet Hilliard's vocal is disappointing.



Say Hello To—

LOUISE KING—eldest of the four beautiful King Sisters who sing with Alvino Rey's dance band on the Mutual network. She's also Mrs. Alvino Rey in private life, and she definitely isn't to be confused with the Louise King who sings on the Hit Parade. Louise was born in Payson, Utah, and started singing with her sisters in high school entertainments. After a year or so of doing this as a hobby, it suddenly occurred to her that here was a good way of earning money, and her career was launched. She designs her own clothes, and her biggest ambition is to have a baby girl with brown curls. The other three King Sisters on the air are Donna, Alyce and Yvonne; two other sisters and two brothers are non-professional.

Young Doctor Malone

(*Continued from page 28*)

She shrugged expressively. "I'd like to tell her that, too, but I think she'd resent it . . . I won't try to see you again, Jerry, until and unless you make the first move."

Even in his embarrassment, he was stirred to admiration for her complete honesty. Only later, and then doubtfully, was it to occur to him that an even more honest course would have been to drop silently out of his life, denying herself the bittersweet pleasure of confessing her love for him. But just now he did not think of that.

"I don't know—quite what to say," he stammered.

"Then don't say anything at all," she advised briskly, with an abrupt return to her usual brittle manner. "I've spoken my piece, and it's getting late, and we must both run." She stood up, offering her hand. "Goodbye, Jerry."

He watched her walk away. It was like her not to prolong a scene that satisfied her sense of drama by waiting while he paid for their tea, saw her to a cab.

Jerry said nothing to Ann of Veronica's return; she saw the news in the society column of a newspaper, and wondered if Jerry knew, if he had seen her. But she did not ask.

HE could not quite analyze his own feelings about Veronica. As the days went by he was conscious of a vague frustration. There seemed to be no one, now, with whom he could be entirely natural, and he remembered the easy comradeship of that sunny afternoon on Pirate Island, before the storm came up and held him and Veronica there. It was disloyal to Ann, of course, to think of that afternoon, and he put it out of his mind. But the necessity of doing so only increased his irritation.

It was with a definite start of pleasure that he answered the telephone at the apartment one evening about nine o'clock, and recognized Veronica's voice.

"I'm not breaking my promise," she said. "It's just that something has happened that requires the services of a doctor, and I can't seem to locate that brother-in-law of mine. Do you know where he is?"

Dunham had left that morning for Washington, to be gone several days, Jerry told her.

"Then I guess I'll have to beg you to come," Veronica said. "It's rather a delicate business—not something we could call in just anyone for. I'll tell you when I see you—I'm still at Jessie's, and I'm calling for her, really."

"I'll be right over," he promised.

"And Jerry—" she said oddly, "we'll have to drive up to Westchester. It may keep you out quite late."

"A doctor's used to that." As he hung up he felt the beginnings of curiosity. Veronica's guarded words, the hint of "delicacy" in the case, the warning of a late night—what could all this mean? In any event, it would be impossible for him to refuse a request of Jessie Hughes'; he owed that imperious old lady too much for introducing him to Dr. Dunham and thus helping him to his present prosperity.

Entering the living room, where Ann sat with Penny and Bun, he involuntarily began to express some of

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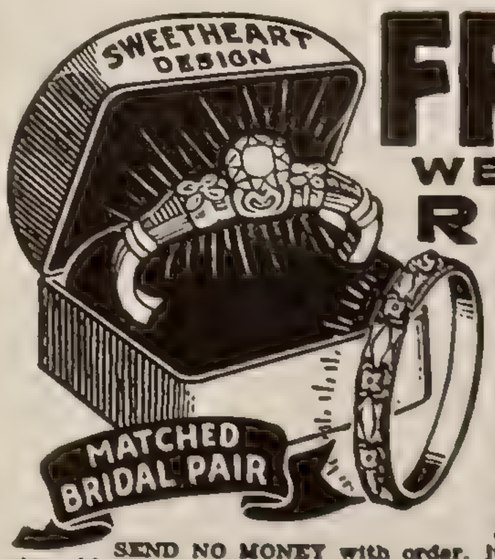

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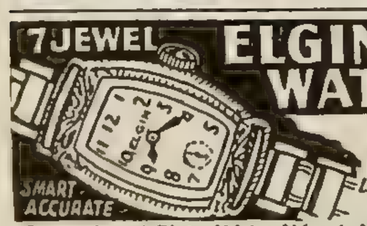

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his curiosity. "That's funny," he said. "I've got to ride up to Westchester—some mysterious case of Mrs. Hughes'."

Ann, glancing up from her book, had frozen at the mention of Mrs. Hughes' name. He saw that, and remembered how much she disliked Mrs. Hughes and the change she had brought to his work. Feeling embarrassed, he said nothing more except that he might be out rather late.

Veronica, in fur coat and hat, met him at the door of the Hughes mansion on Fifth Avenue. "We'll go right on out," she said, "and I'll tell you all about it on the way."

The night was clear and cold, and Jerry rolled up the windows of his little coupe and switched the heater on. Weaving through the traffic toward the West Side highway, he listened while Veronica explained that a man, a guest of Mrs. Hughes on her Westchester estate, had suddenly fallen ill and needed medical attention.

"I can't tell you his name, I don't know it myself," she said. "He's someone important from South America, here to talk to Jessie and some other Wall Street bigwigs about a loan of some kind. No one's supposed to know he's in the United States at all, and there'd be the devil of a mixup if it leaked out. That's why Jessie called me and said to get Lawrence or you."

SHE took a cigarette from her silver case and lit it, using the electric match from he dashboard. Jerry could see her finely modelled face reflected intermittently in the windshield as the tiny red glow brightened under the intake of her breath. Then she pushed the electric appliance back into place, and there was only the spark of the cigarette in the darkness.

"I saw my former husband today," she said musingly after a silence. "It was . . . peculiar . . . meeting this haggard-looking man, and realizing that once I'd loved him. Shared my life with him . . . And now he's just—someone I knew, long ago."

Jerry looked at her with curiosity. It was the first time she had ever mentioned the man whose name she wore, and now, swathed in her furs, leaning back in the opposite corner of the seat, she seemed more to be thinking aloud than speaking to him.

"You'd have thought we had everything when we were married," she sighed. "Youth, plenty of money, good looks, love. And we were happy together, for a while. I suppose it was as much my fault as it was Jim's. I don't think anyone can say just how a marriage breaks up. Anyway, there were quarrels, and then he began to drink too much, and finally—other women. So we were divorced. And now—he's tired, and defeated, and poor. I felt so sorry for him."

I don't think anyone can say just how a marriage breaks up. The words struck Jerry with chilly force. They were so true. Emotions wounded in secret, resentments never expressed, thoughts not shared, these were the things that hurt a marriage. He and Ann . . .

He shook his head violently. What was he thinking of? He and Ann weren't breaking up; they were only going through a difficult time, an adjustment period.

He pressed his foot down on the accelerator. They were on the parkway now, and it was after ten, so there was little traffic. They made good time the rest of the way, talking not at all except when Veronica directed him along the unfamiliar way to Mrs. Hughes' estate.

The ornate pseudo-English manor house was alive with lights when they arrived. Mrs. Hughes met them in the hall, volubly irritated because they had not arrived sooner, and led Jerry upstairs to where a swarthy little man lay in one of the bedrooms. He appeared to be in great pain, but there was nothing really wrong with him, Jerry discovered, except acute indigestion. Inwardly Jerry smiled at the thought that this unprepossessing, bad-tempered person with the unreliable stomach was important to the history of his country; from what Veronica had said it appeared that Washington was aware of his visit and anxious that everything go well with it.

Well, he reflected wearily after he had done what he could and had waited until Senor Nameless had fallen into a troubled sleep, it was none of his business. He glanced at his watch and discovered with surprise that it was two o'clock in the morning.

Veronica and Mrs. Hughes were waiting for him when he came down. "He'll be all right," Jerry told them.

"Thank heaven for that," Jessie Hughes said fervently. "Now you'd better get to bed yourself, young man. You look worn out."

"Oh, I'm going back to New York. I'll call you tomorrow, and if it seems necessary I'll come up."

VERONICA rose from a chair by the fire. "I'll stay here with Jessie," she said, "if you don't mind driving back by yourself."

"Of course not."

It was after three when Jerry got back to New York and berthed his car in the garage a block from the apartment house. As he opened the door to get out something fell with a metallic clatter to the running board and from there to the cement floor. He picked it up: Veronica's silver cigarette case. She must have left it in the car when they arrived at Mrs. Hughes' estate.

Mechanically, he put it into a pocket of his suit. Its presence there sank unnoticed into a mind sodden with fatigue; he forgot all about it. Ann found it the next day when she was going through the pockets of the suit before sending it to the cleaner.

It lay heavy and smooth in her hand, a suave envelope of silver with only the monogram, V.F., for decoration. She did not know how long she stood there, looking at it.

Jerry had told her only that Jessie Hughes had called him on a case. He had been gone almost all night, and this morning he had said that Mrs. Hughes wanted him to attend a guest

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at her Westchester home. His explanation had been elaborately brief, it seemed in retrospect.

And why should he go all the way to Westchester to attend a patient? Weren't there plenty of doctors there?

It was not anger, it was not jealousy, that welled up in her as she stood holding the cigarette case; it was simply an infinite weariness and hopelessness. She did not want to confront Jerry with the case and watch his face as he tried to manufacture an explanation. She did not want to see him being guilty and ashamed. She only wanted to go away somewhere and not think about how their marriage had changed from something gay and lovely into a precarious arrangement that could at any moment wither away and vanish completely.

If I could just take a few weeks, she thought, and stay with Aunt Ellen in Chicago. Then I could get hold of myself again, find some solid ground on which to stand. Everything whirls around me here. Once, when I was a little girl, I went in wading in a mountain river. I waded out too far, and all at once the current caught me and began pulling at my legs. I couldn't stand up, every time I tried to the current whipped my feet out from under me, and if Dad hadn't come out and helped me I might have drowned. . . . It's like that now. I feel the same sense of helplessness. But this time there's no one to come out and help me.

I SUPPOSE it is cowardly to run away, not to fight for my home and my husband. But I can't fight, not now. I haven't the strength, nor the desire. And if I have to fight to hold Jerry, I don't want him. I don't want a husband who isn't so much a part of me that there's no question of fighting."

All day her resolution hardened, and that evening she told Jerry she wanted to go to Chicago.

"Chicago!" he said in amazement. "What for? And how long?"

"I don't know," she answered. "A few weeks. Maybe longer."

"But why?"

They were in their bedroom; she turned and took the cigarette case from a bureau drawer. Trying to speak quietly she said, "This was in the pocket of your suit."

She had thought he would look guilty, caught. Instead, after the first surprise, his face hardened. "Yes," he said. "What of it?"

"You were with Veronica Farrell last night. You told me you were out on a case."

Oh, stop it, stop it, something was screaming inside her. What makes you act this way—so cheap, being the prying, suspicious wife? But she couldn't stop.

Jerry's face had gone quite white. His nostrils looked pinched. She had never seen him like this, and at first she did not realize he was furiously angry.

"Didn't it occur to you that it's just possible I might see Veronica at Mrs. Hughes'? If you like, I'll give you an itemized report of last night. I met Veronica at Mrs. Hughes' town house and we drove together to the estate in Westchester. She stayed there. I came home alone. I picked her cigarette case out of the car—she'd left it there by accident. Is there anything else you'd like to know?"

"Yes!" she blazed at him. "Why was it necessary for you to go up there at all? Why couldn't Mrs. Hughes call

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some Westchester doctor?"

He opened his mouth to answer, then closed it again into lines of stubbornness. "I could tell you that, too," he said at last. "But I don't intend to. You'll have to take a few things, at least, on trust."

Their eyes locked, and held. Ann was the first to give way. One hand went to her forehead, pushing back the curls of dark brown hair. "I've got to be alone, Jerry," she said dazedly. "I'm all confused. I find myself doing things—thinking things—that are hateful. . . . I really think I'd better go away, and try to straighten myself out."

"That's nonsense," he said in so gruff a voice that she knew his fury was leaving him.

"No it isn't," Ann insisted wearily. "For your sake, too, I'd better go. We haven't been happy together lately, why pretend we have? Let me go, Jerry. Think of it as a marriage vacation, if you want to. But please let me go."

"Ann—" One hand went out to her, but then it and his voice both dropped. "All right. If you think that's best."

VERY strange, how empty a city of seven million people could seem when one person had left it.

He had his work, of course, but it no longer was completely absorbing—perhaps because it was not the sort of work he had done at Franklin Hospital, perhaps only because he could never approach it freshly and happily. Penny did her best to make the apartment seem as if Ann were away for only a day or two. She cooked his favorite dishes and chattered merrily when he was home. And Bun, who had accepted Ann's departure with puzzled concern, was amusing and pathetic in his efforts to be and do everything Jerry desired.

Letters came at too-regular intervals from Ann, friendly, cool letters which Jerry could read over and over again without finding in them any hint of a change in her feelings toward him. She was living with Aunt Ellen, it was cold in Chicago, she was well. . . .

And then she wrote that she was thinking of going back to work, taking a nursing post at the Medical Foundation.

On an impulse of irritation, after reading this letter, he telephoned Veronica Farrell at the small apartment she had taken on Washington Square. Even as he heard her voice saying "Hello" he knew he should have let her stay out of his life, but it brought unexpected comfort when she urged him to come over right away. "There's someone here I want you to meet," she said.

A tall man with a lined face stood up when Jerry entered Veronica's living room. His name, as Jerry heard it in Veronica's introduction, was Jim Farrell; they were shaking hands before he realized that this must be Veronica's former husband.

"We have a surprise," she said in a voice edged with nervousness. "Jim and I are trying it again—we were married yesterday afternoon."

Farrell was smiling, showing even white teeth under a small, dapper mustache. He said, a little fuzzily, "Surprised, Malone? So was I, when Ronnie said yes. You'd think she'd learn, wouldn't you?"

"Maybe we've both learned something," Veronica said quietly. She accepted Jerry's stammered good wishes with inscrutable poise; only once, when she looked straight into his eyes, he thought she was trying to send him a wordless message.

Farrell did most of the talking during the half-hour Jerry remained. He had recently returned from some vague business in South America; now he intended to remain in the United States. "Ronnie thinks I need a job," he laughed. "Keep me out of mischief. Got to look around for something interesting, I guess, or Ronnie'll give me the devil." He put his hand over hers.

On the whole, Jerry found him quite unpleasant. He made his escape as soon as he could, sick at heart over what must have been an act of hopelessness and despair on Veronica's part. Surely she could not have believed she would be happy with Jim!

She had believed just that, he learned three evenings later, when he met her at a restaurant in response to her urgent telephone call.

"I was insane, I suppose," she said. Her poise was gone now. Lipstick showed in a dark smear against the pallor of her skin, and she was busy constantly, picking up knives and forks and putting them back down upon the table, lighting cigarettes and crushing them out after one puff, eating almost nothing.

"I must have been insane, to think he had changed. But he was so different—so sweet and rather pitiful. He'd had a hard time, I could see that. He sounded sincere when he said all he wanted was to marry me again and buckle down to making something decent out of his life. And I—" She faltered, hating to say it. "I thought, why not? I had to attach myself to something, someone. It seemed like a good opportunity to take myself out of your life."

"Veronica! Why didn't you tell me first—ask my advice?"

I DON'T know," she said helplessly. "I didn't want to. In my heart I must have known it was insane to marry him again. And it was! He has no intention of doing anything but live on my money for the rest of his life."

"You must get a divorce," Jerry told her.

"No. No more divorces. I did this to myself. I'm going to see it through." There was fierce determination in the short, bitter sentences. Then her voice softened. "It's been good of you, Jerry, to let me pour out my troubles to you. I should have kept them to myself, but I felt tonight that I needed a sympathetic ear to keep from going mad. . . . Now," she said with one of her lightning changes of mood, "let's talk about something else. Something gay."

They lingered awhile over their coffee, and by the time they left the restaurant Veronica seemed happier. She refused Jerry's offer of a lift home, and as they waited for a cab to draw up at the curb she touched his arm. "Bless you, Jerry," she said. "You've done me good."

A few minutes later Jerry had just let himself into his own apartment when the telephone jangled.

It was Veronica.

"Jerry, Jerry, come quickly. When I got home I found Jim here—dead. Somebody's killed him."

A murder has been committed that will trail its scandal through the lives of Jerry, Ann, Veronica! Don't miss the tense conclusion of Young Doctor Malone in the October RADIO MIRROR.

Relief FROM POLLEN-AGGRAVATED ASTHMATIC ATTACKS

THE SEVERITY of those attacks of Bronchial Asthma, intensified by pollen-laden air, may be reduced at this season of the year... use Dr. R. Schiffmann's Asthmador just as thousands have done for 70 years. The aromatic fumes help make breathing easier... aid in clearing the head... bring more restful nights of sleeping. At druggists in powder, cigarette or pipe-mixture form. Or you may send for free supply of all three. Dept.M42, R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Calif.

ROLLS · DEVELOPED

25c Coin. Two 5x7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss Deckle Edge Prints.
CLUB PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 19, LaCrosse, Wis.

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Orders galore. "Super Value Line" 25 Beautiful Designs. 50 for $1 to 25 for $1.95. Name imprinted. Sell Nationally Famous 21 Christmas folders $1. Costs 50c. Worth $2.85. Real Christmas spirit. Expensive Satins, Micas. Tip-ons, die cuts, foil inserts. Exclusive Etchings, Gift-wraps, Religious, Everydays. 55 Engravings—Personal, Business. 21 ass't on approval. FREE SAMPLE Super Value. Personal line. No investment.
SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, 115 Fulton St., Dept. MA, New York City

Gold plate; your size, your choice, FOR selling 4 boxes of Rosebud Salve at 25c each. Patriotic Lapel Pin FREE with each ring for prompt selling. Order 4 salve. Send No Money.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, BOX 52, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

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Relieve Itch Fast

Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, rashes, athlete's foot and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

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MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing true photographic proof of results also FREE.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 2304, Detroit, Mich.

Superman in Radio

(*Continued from page* 40)

and hauled them back to safety. Quickly, before they could regain consciousness, Superman resumed the guise of Clark Kent. Lois' abductor groaned as he came to his senses but Kent wasted no words with him.

"Who's the Leader?"

The man hesitated, then talked eagerly when he noticed the grim, threatening look on the reporter's face. "The Leader is—*the Mayor!* Sure, he fooled you!"

"But what about the Pillar of Fire—why is it being used to frighten people?"

" 'Cause we found a silver mine under it. By rights it belongs to the town. We figgered to drive away the folks and buy up the land for ourselves. And I had orders to get rid of you two.

"About that fire—it comes from natural gas and the Mayor can make it burn as high as the mountain."

"Where's the Mayor now?"

"He's down in his cavern with the gas machinery. He's goin' to set the flame goin' full blast and burn up the village!"

Kent waited for no more. Quickly he removed his prisoner's belt and bound his hands. He used his own belt to bind the man's feet. Then: "Miss Lane, here's this fellow's gun. Don't let him get away. I'm going down to the cavern. Maybe it's not too late to stop the Mayor."

IN another second he was out of sight and, in a flash, Clark Kent became—Superman! Unscathed, he cut through the flames. As he reached the cavern, he saw the fire shoot higher and higher. Then he heard voices:

"Mayor—watch the pressure gauge. Those tanks can't take more than 7000 pounds—they'll explode!"

"Don't worry, I'll throw the switch in time. Now we need all the pressure we can get to spread the fire!"

But Superman was already in the cavern: "Take your hand off that switch!" His steel hands held the two men tight.

Hysterically, the Mayor screamed: "Let go of us—if this switch isn't released we'll all die here!"

But he was too late. Even as he spoke the compressor needle reached 7000 pounds and then, tremblingly, started to advance. Superman relaxed his grip and, frantically, the two men began to run. But in that second the cavern walls rocked with a gigantic explosion. Unheeding, Superman felt the rocks fall about him.

"So the compressor tank did explode—caught the Mayor and his helper in their own trap. But that explosion wrecked the fire and saved Gravesend. The only thing I have to do now is get out of here. Just have to force a few of these huge boulders out of the way. By heavens—they weigh tons—but one good shove should get this big one clear—Good—now back to Miss Lane."

In another minute, mild, spectacled Clark Kent was standing beside his fellow-reporter. The job was done. Once again, Superman had conquered the forces of evil.

Next month, another thrilling episode in the life of Superman, the man who came from another world to help save innocent lives from being destroyed by maniacs and gangsters.

Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

● It is every woman's right to know certain facts. Her greatest happiness, her physical and mental well-being may be at stake. She cannot go by what others tell; she must *know.*

Today thousands of informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Spread greaseless, protective coating to cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zonitors are *safe* for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: *revealing booklet of intimate facts, in plain envelope. Send name, address to Zonitors, Dept. 3906B, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York City.*

Zonitors

MAKE MONEY! SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Big Profits for you. Take easy orders for our Personal-Name Christmas Cards — 50 for $1. Sell at sight! Also Amazing Value Assortment of 25 Christmas Folders. Retails $1. Your profit 100%. Many other popular $1.00 assortments. Season's fastest, easiest selling Christmas line. Get samples on approval.
WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS
160 N. Washington St., Dept. 445, Boston, Mass.

50 for $1 with name

Help! for **BLOTCHY SKIN** Due to External Causes

The special medication of time-tested Resinol acts quickly and effectively to relieve irritation and thus hasten nature's healing.

For sample, write Resinol MG-6, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

YOUR CHILDREN HAVE INHERITED A FORTUNE!

When historians look back on the first forty years of this century they will see two totally different pictures.

One shamefully dark. The other gloriously bright.

On the one side they will see war, suffering and ignorance. On the other they will see the dawn of a new age . . . an age of greater health and happiness for millions.

A contradiction? Yes, but history is full of them. During the darkest days of the Napoleonic Wars the vaccine for smallpox was made famous. Pasteur and Lister revolutionized medicine while armies were marching in Europe. Some of surgery's greatest advances were made during the last World War.

Today the world is again torn with strife. Yet here in America we are taking our first steps toward that better, happier life of which humanity has always dreamed.

No one man is responsible. Hundreds of "hunger fighters" in hundreds of laboratories have worked for years at the problems of nutritional chemistry. Since the turn of the century they have learned more about our food and its relation to health than in all the centuries that went before. And now, what they found is beginning to affect the lives of one hundred and thirty million people in this land.

Americans are going to be the first national family of buoyantly healthy people that the world has ever known.

People are being educated to eat the right foods. New methods of processing are helping to keep many good foods good. Scientific methods are being applied to improve the nutritive value of the staples. The farmer, the manufacturer, the distributor, the scientist are joining hands to put abundant health within the reach of all.

It's a big job. One of the biggest that America has ever undertaken. But from it will come the biggest of all possible rewards. We are building an impregnable defense of national health today and ensuring for our children the greatest heritage that one generation has ever bequeathed to the next.

Every child in America today has inherited a fortune . . . the fortune of better health.

FOOD WILL BUILD A NEW AMERICA

This advertisement is approved by the office of Federal Security Administrator, Paul V. McNutt, Coordinator of Health, Welfare and Related Defense Activities; and donated by RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR as its contribution to national nutrition defense.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 7*)

hand and to his microphone with the other. The rescue work went on while Jack, seasick to an unendurable degree, was willing to pay any price for just one square foot of solid ground to put his feet on—if only for two minutes.

But in spite of his misery, he turned in a broadcast over CBS that the whole country talked about, and which radio and newspaper men will remember for many years. It brought him the National Headliners Club award—plus an offer from CBS to come to New York and join the network's special events staff.

Strange as it seems, all the excitement and glamor of being at broadcasting headquarters, of associating with Elmer Davis and Bob Trout, paled beside Jack's dislike of the big-city hustle and bustle. At last he went to Paul White, the CBS news director, and said he appreciated all that had been done for him, but couldn't he please be transferred to a saner, quieter place? Somewhere, for instance, like WBT in Charlotte, N. C.?

White rubbed a magic lamp, and in a very short space of time Jack was whisked to Charlotte and into the berth of news editor. He's now happier than he's ever been, with an acre of ground for his children and vegetables to grow on and with the slower-moving tempo of Southern life to enjoy. He takes his action and excitement during working hours, and relaxes when they're over.

Jack was born in Somerville, Mass. He was a nephew of Neil Burgess, star of the old play, "County Fair," and his ambition almost before he was out of knee pants was to be an actor. At the age of fourteen he played the part of a sixty-five-year-old man in an amateur play, and from 1925 to 1932 he worked in various stage productions. In 1932 he joined CBS as an announcer at WEEI.

Today, as WBT news editor, Jack has a big audience for his nightly Views of the News program. A good deal of his time is taken up with talks about radio newsgathering in Charlotte and neighboring cities, but his family and his hobbies are his main interest. Mrs. Knell and three stalwart youngsters—Dane, Donald and Derek—keep their dad busy at competitive badminton, horse-shoe pitching, tennis and swimming.

* * *

Eddie Cantor plans to broadcast from Hollywood most of next season. He's forming a company to make his own movies, and will appear in one or two himself if he finds the right stories. Meanwhile, he has a clever idea for a Broadway musical comedy, but the show hasn't been written yet. It's about an obscure little tailor who is suddenly discovered, by a search of old records, to own the whole of Manhattan Island.

* * *

George Burns and Gracie Allen with Paul Whiteman's band, are all set to head a new Hollywood variety program beginning in the Fall.

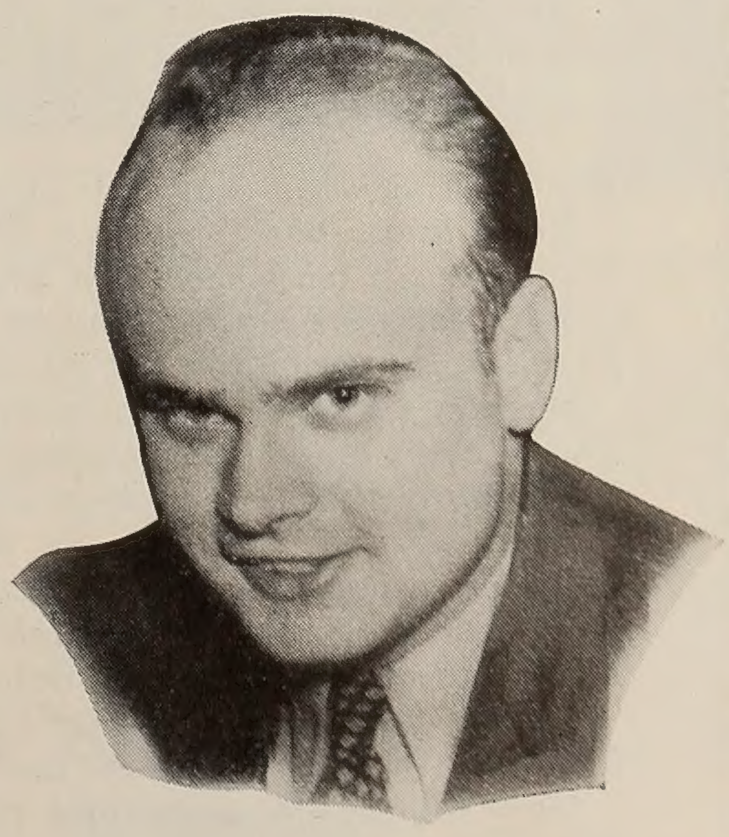
* * *

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Although he's one of the most popular radio stars in Pittsburgh, and a skilful writer and producer of programs, station KQV's John Howard is really just a friendly, down-to-earth young man. Really young, too—only twenty-three.

John came to KQV five years ago, a new high school diploma under his arm. Since then he's increased a large following of admirers by announcing and writing programs in the romantic, confidential style listeners enjoy. At present he writes and announces the Tri-State Follies, a musical revue sponsored by a local chain of dry goods stores; the Human Side of Hollywood, a feature which is part of an early morning program sponsored by the city's largest department store; and We're in the Army Now, a program dedicated to America's soldiers which is on the air three half-hours every week.

John was born in Pittsburgh and educated in the public schools there. Along about his twelfth birthday he became interested in radio and began to plan a career in the business. When he was sixteen he went on the air for the first time, singing on a local station. A year later he began announcing high school sports on another station. When he was eighteen, in August, 1936, John went to work for KQV as assistant news editor. Four months later, on December 25, he became an announcer, and still says that was the best Christmas present he ever received. He'd always been interested in writing, and it wasn't long before he was turning out a weekly half hour show called Night on the Old Circle-L, a series of stories about the old west. His most famous writing effort to date is "The Unknown Soldier Speaks," which he wrote and produced last Memorial Day. Fifteen hundred copies of the script have been mailed to listeners who wrote in and requested them.

His hobby outside the studio is horseback riding. He's still a bachelor, but won't be for very long, his close friends say. A very beautiful young actress came into his life a few months ago, and he hasn't recovered yet.



John Howard, serving on the staff of KQV, as Program Manager, Publicity director and announcer.

WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS

Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by removing pressure. Medication (D) acts on corn.

In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.*

IF YOU suffer from corns, you should know about this sensible treatment that has quickly relieved pain and effectively removed the imbedded "cores" of corns for millions of people—Blue-Jay Corn Plasters. They actually work while you walk in comfort. Get Blue-Jay today. They cost very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug counters.

*Stubborn cases may require more than one application

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

Amazing! Thrilling! Romantic!
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ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx like ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime! Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. Canadians: Send Money Order! (Photos Returned)

48c (Expertly painted 10c extra)

Photo Movette Ring Co., Dept. C-10, 519 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

Sell 50 PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS $1
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Amazing bargain! Fast, easy seller. 50 beautiful Christmas Cards *with customer's name imprinted* only $1. Others low as **60 for $1.** Big values bring you quick earnings. Many other bargains—Christmas Card Assortments, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Cards. Start earning at once. Write today for FREE Selling Outfit.

FREE SAMPLES

General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-804, Chicago, Ill.

SIMULATED DIAMOND RINGS

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart new yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. *Romance* design engagement ring set with flashing, simulated diamond solitaire with six side stones. Wedding ring has band of brilliants set in exquisite *Honeymoon* Design mounting. Either ring only $1.00 or both for $1.79. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 993M Jefferson, Iowa

4 Perfumes

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2) First Kiss
3) Indiscretion
4) Remembrance

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Redwood Treasure Chest:

Contains 4—50c bottles of these alluring Perfumes. A Unique Chest 6 inches x 3 inches made from Giant Redwood Trees of California. A splendid gift.

Send No Money! Pay postman or (if you prefer) send $1 check, stamps or currency. Money back.

PAUL RIEGER, 258 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco

YOU GIRLS!

WHO SUFFER FROM DYSMENORRHEA

which makes you

WEAK, NERVOUS—

If you suffer headache, cramps, backache, feel "dragged out," blue, cranky, with dark circles under your eyes—due to functional monthly disturbances—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound!

Pinkham's Compound is made *especially* to relieve such female distress—it helps build up resistance against such tired, nervous feelings. Hundreds of thousands of women remarkably helped. *Try it!*

Show Friends Newest CHRISTMAS CARDS

Everybody wants the gorgeous new **"Dollar King"** 21-card $1 Assortment. Pays you 50c easy profit. Smartest Personal Christmas Cards with name 50 for $1. Complete line fast-selling money-makers—Religious, Etchings, Everyday Cards. No experience needed. **Samples** on approval. Write **CHAS. C. SCHWER CO., Dept. C-2, Westfield, Mass.**

Samples on Approval

300 Names For Your Baby
What Shall I Buy Before Baby Comes?
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These and 9 other practical baby helps, now available to readers of this magazine. Written by Mrs. Louise Branch, our own Baby Page Editor, all 12 yours for just 10c in stamps or coin to cover costs. Just give ages of your children and address **Reader Service, Dept. RM095**

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SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. **Big 16x20-inch enlargement** sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
113 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1551-L CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NEW KIND OF MAN'S SHOE

The new sensation in men's shoes — The Chippewa Clipper. It zips on and off in a "jiffy". Right now is the right time to get into a dignified and highly profitable shoe business of your own with this fast seller, and a complete line of almost 250 styles of dress, work and sports shoes. Prices as low as $1.98 a pair. Free 10-second demonstrator sells super-comfort air-cushion shoes like magic.

Be the MASON Factory Shoe Man in your locality. Manufacturer established 38 years will send complete line on request including factory-fitting shoe service training. No experience needed. Write for big FREE sales kit.

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DIAMOND RINGS

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart new yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. *Romance* design engagement ring set with flashing, simulated diamond solitaire with six side stones. Wedding ring has band of brilliants set in exquisite *Honeymoon* Design mounting. Either ring only $1.00 or both for $1.79. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 999-M, Jefferson, Iowa.

A Rainey Day Dream

IT'S "Rainey" day every day at WTIC, Hartford, Conn., and the listeners love it. Bud Rainey originated from Florida and got into any and everything theatrical, until radio came along. And now, his program, Day Dreams, is presented over WTIC Monday through Friday at 12:35 P.M., E.D.T., and on Sunday at 11:15 A.M. It's a poetical-philosophical program of Bud's own design perfectly suited to his folksy southern voice and presented with a low organ background.

The increasing popularity of the poems caused the Travelers' Broadcasting Service Corporation to publish them in book form. "Day Dreams" was the first volume, "Jes' Dreamin'," the second. We are happy to publish one of Mr. Rainey's poems here for RADIO MIRROR readers.

FORGIVING FATHER

By "Bud" Rainey

The hardest thing a feller ever has to do, I guess,
Is when he has to discipline his kid,
An' punishin' my Punkin for his childish orneriness,
Is 'bout the toughest job I ever did.
I guess I'm just a softy, when it comes to bein' tough,
An' makin' him toe every little line;
I know I let him get away with heaps an' piles o' stuff,
Because I'm ever mindful, he is mine.

Sometimes when I come home at night, I'll hear his Mommy say:
"You'll simply have to take this boy in hand!"
I'll hear then of the mischief he has done throughout the day,
An' then I'll get all set to reprimand:
I'll tell myself: "I must be firm—this time, I won't give in!"
An' then I'll see a tear well in his eye,
An' then I'm licked—he's captured me before I can begin—
It happens every dog-gone time I try!

About the livest things on earth, I guess, are little boys,
An' they can't stand the thoughts o' bein' still;
It seems they're never happy, 'less they're makin' lots o' noise,
It's always been that way—an' always will!
A boy is like an engine with a boiler full o' steam,
An' like a swarm of bees, beneath the crust;
The only time he's still is when he's driftin' in a dream—
He has to let off steam, or else he'd bust!

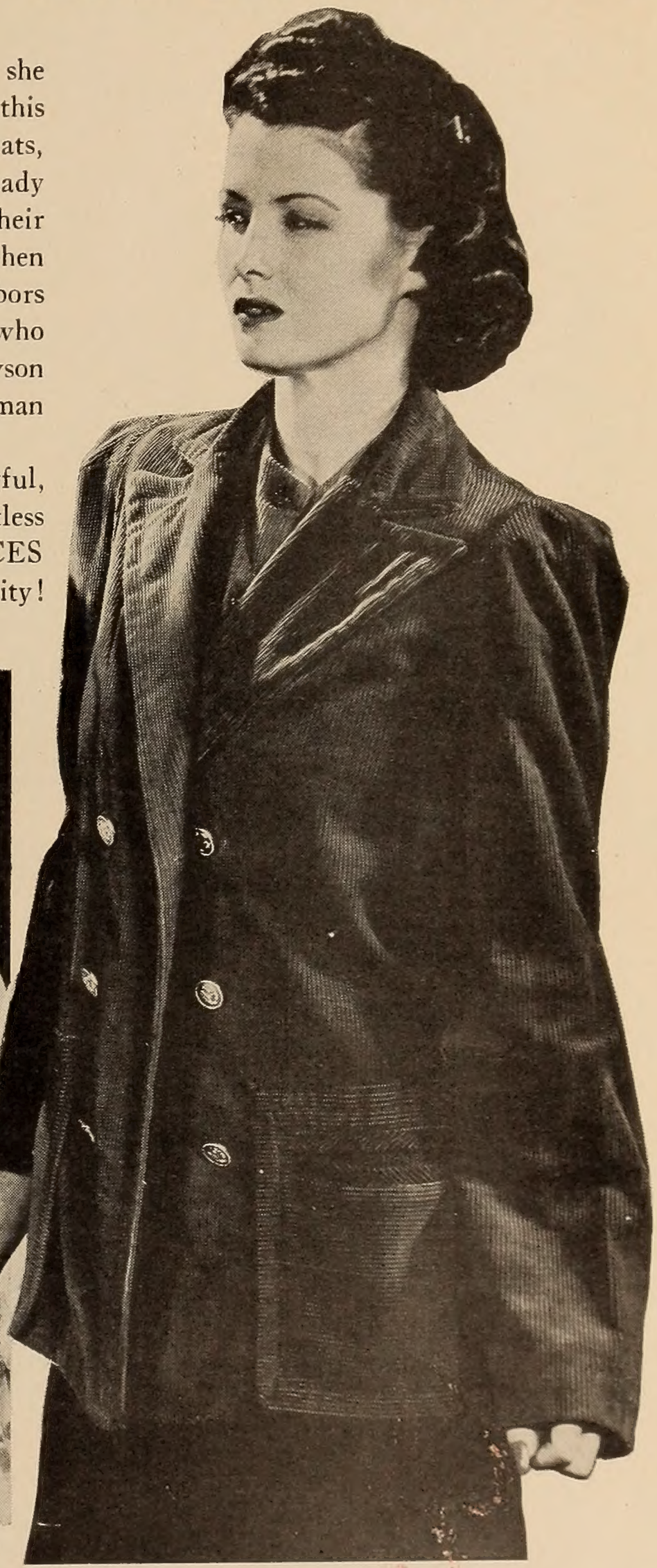
His Mommy says that I'm an easy mark—perhaps I am,
But I know boys, and just what they enjoy;
She can't see why I weaken when he gets into a jam,
But Mommy, she ain't never been a boy!
I reckon I'm to blame for all his naughty, noisy play,
But he is such a cunnin' little elf,
That I can't quite make up my mind that I should make him pay
For doin' things, I used to do myself.

Sometimes I act as though I never see his roguish tricks,
An' let them pass as though I didn't know;
I don't believe in clampin' down on kids 'tween five an' six,
I guess, perhaps, it's 'cause I love him so.
I wonder if all Fathers feel the same, regardin' this,
Or if alone, I'm guilty of a crime;
But when he says he's sorry, with a big hug an' a kiss,
He's sure of my forgiveness, every time!

She Scorned the Neighbors Who Loved Her...

WHEN city-bred Christine Lawson settled down in Oakdale she detested the straight-laced traditions, the prying eyes of this dreary town. Why, she asked, must everyone know what she eats, how she lives, what she does? Her good-natured neighbors were ready to accept her, but they were small town folk and she snubbed their offered friendship. But disaster was inevitably hers . . . and when death threatened to crush her entire world, how did those neighbors answer her frenzied call? What did they say to the woman who ridiculed their most sacred customs. And how did Christine Lawson painfully learn that the love of a neighbor is the greatest asset a man or woman possesses?

Don't miss "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR" a stirring, meaningful, and true story, combining heart-warming devotion and heartless bigotry. Read it today in the September TRUE ROMANCES Magazine, and thrill to the heroic proportions of small-town simplicity!



She made up her mind in advance that she could never learn to like her neighbors in Oakdale.

AIR CORPS SWEETHEART

Here is a story of the courageous women behind the pilots who man our great air defenses . . . about the women who are taught to swallow all tears and defiantly grin over broken bodies, broken planes . . . and broken hearts. This is the human side of the air force, a picture we seldom see. And we see it from the inside, for this is a tale by a gallant colonel's daughter so madly in love with the most reckless flyer in the force that she challenged the very creed she was reared on to keep him near her! It is truly a great tale of great people!

Begin this thrilling true story in the September True Romances Magazine. Read part one of "AIR CORPS SWEETHEART", the most absorbing, fiery serial you have ever seen. Remember, the first installment appears in the new True Romances Magazine. It's on sale now! Don't miss it!

These are just a few of the many absorbing true stories—exciting, heart-warming, delightful tales of young love—appearing in the September True Romances Magazine. Get your copy today!

HONEYMOON FOLLY

It's usually customary for a girl to make up her mind she loves a man *before* she marries him. But once, with her new husband beamingly sitting beside her, a two-hour-old bride thought of things far apart from her honeymoon—sat longing for the arms of another man! And she thought: "How can I ever answer that yearning look in my husband's eye when I know I don't love him?"

But do not miss the whole throbbing story of what happened on this strange and awkward honeymoon. Read "HONEYMOON FOLLY" in September True Romances Magazine and know from her own lips how this young bride who thought she had stumbled into a loveless marriage learned that the matchless devotion of a good man can crash the portals of a woman's heart.

True Romances

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for a Cooler Milder Better-Tasting smoke

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TOBACCOLAND gives you all the interesting facts . . . from the planting of fine cigarette tobaccos on through to the final stages of modern cigarette manufacture. *The more you know about cigarettes the more you'll enjoy Chesterfields.*

Everywhere you go . . .
it's have a Chesterfield *They Satisfy*

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